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Section 4

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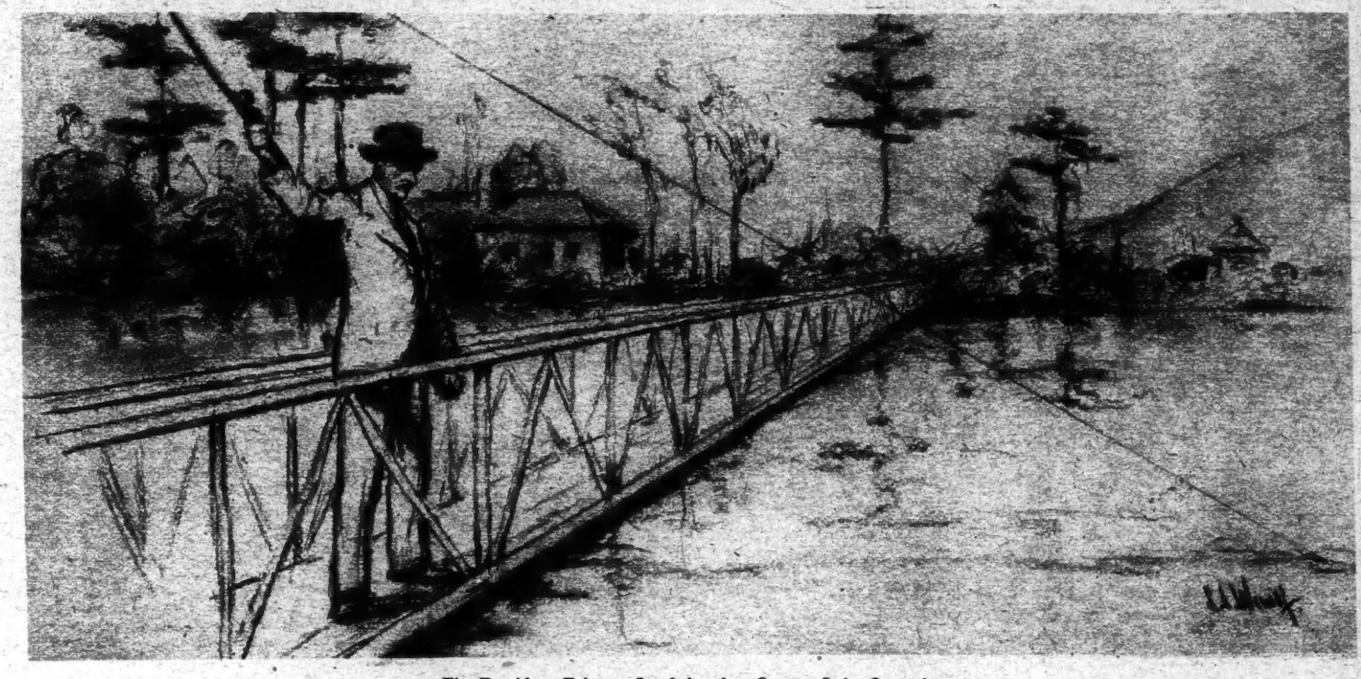
MR. COOLIDGE IS LEARNING TO PLAY

Fishing Takes Its Place Alongside Politics at the Summer White House in Adirondacks—President Becomes Interested in Woodlore But Is Keeping in Close Touch With Outside Affairs



The President Tries to Land Another One on Lake Osgood.

The First Sketches of the President Fishing—Made With His Permission.

By CHARLES R. MICHAEL

PAUL SMITH'S, N. Y.

HERE, five hundred miles from Washington, and not far from the Canadian border, the White House has been transplanted. Never before has the Summer capital been set up so far from Pennsylvania Avenue, and yet, from here, the affairs of the Government are conducted without interruption and with a touch almost as intimate as that given them in Washington.

Remove the setting and the scene might be enacted in Washington, for the cast is identical. Against this Adirondack background are placed the same people who were seen a month ago at the executive offices—the secretaries, the clerks, the Secret Service men, the doorkeepers, the telegraph operators and all the rest.

And so the visitor is reminded that the work of Government goes on, even in such primeval woodland as this. For, as President of the United States, Mr. Coolidge cannot enjoy the usual vacation, a complete respite from work. He is working hard in this mountain camp, but—and this is the significant thing—he is also playing hard.

On former vacations the responsibilities of his office seemed to rest heavily upon the President, and he showed no desire for diversion. But now there appears to have awakened in him an interest in outdoor recreation and he seems to be intent upon getting out of this rest as much as it can hold.

The Coolidge camp on Lake Osgood, a sheet of water cut off from the chain of other lakes in this section of the Adirondacks, affords all possible luxury in primitive surroundings. Here the President and Mrs. Coolidge are in a spot superbly suited for a vacation free from social duties and such demands as are imposed upon them by White House visitors, who sometimes number 500 a day.

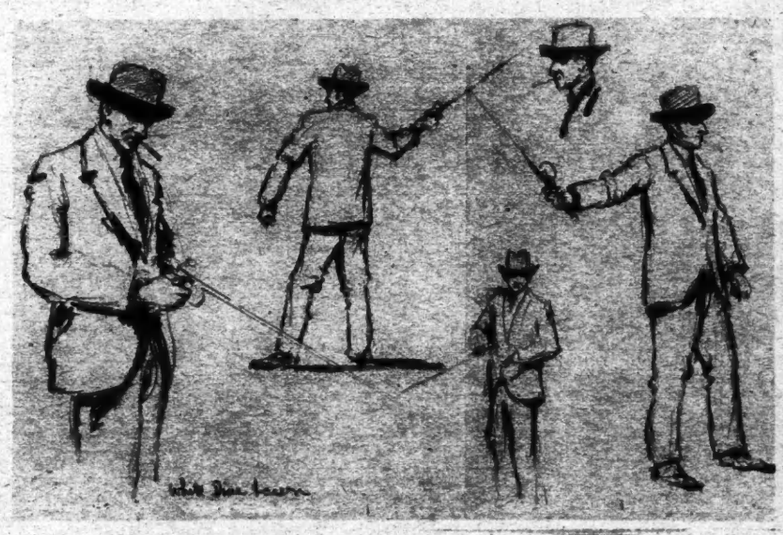
Yet, despite his isolation, the President is in as instant touch with developments at home and abroad as he was in Washington. Nothing that would be brought to his attention by Cabinet officers and subordinates if he were at his desk in Washington escapes him here in the fastness of the forest. A private telegraph line from the executive offices in Washington brings him a daily flow of messages. The executive offices on Lower St. Regis Lake are equipped with half a dozen telephone wires, and in five minutes the President can talk from his study to Washington or to any part of the country.

In the executive offices, a cozy, two-story cottage by the lakeside, one finds the same faces as at Washington. On the first floor is a reception room, where Patrick McKenna presides; across the hall is the President's office, containing an open fireplace, a heavy oak desk and a number of comfortable chairs. Other offices are on the same floor. Above, on the second floor, Everett Sanders, secretary to the President, has his offices, and near him are the clerks and stenographers and Edward T. Clark, private secretary to the President. The telephone and telegraph offices are also here.

Two White House telegraphers sit at the key, while another White House attaché operates the telephone board. One see no difference in the routine of the executive offices here and in Washington; the secretaries and subordinates work just as long hours as ever, and sometimes longer, as the entire force remains on duty until President Coolidge informs Secretary Sanders that he has returned to his cabin after a fishing or automobile trip.

The telephone board is active twenty-four hours. From the executive offices the President's camp is connected with a dozen or more telephones. The President can be reached no matter where he is in his large domain. The Secret Service stations have telephones connected with the executive offices, while the marine camp also keeps in touch. Ten marines guard the camp night and day, and three Secret Service men supplement them in protecting the President.

President Coolidge has not varied in his personal habits during his vacation. He gets up about 7 o'clock, usually takes a long walk and an hour later breakfast is served. This meal is a substantial one, consisting



Thumb-Nail Sketches of the President as a Disciple of Izaak Walton.

Mrs. Coolidge at the Camp.

of fruit, eggs and bacon, frequently chops or steak, and always hot cakes.

President Coolidge does not waste much time in dressing. He does not enjoy a cold plunge, but has a morning "tub" in tepid water. Dispensing with his valet, he shaves himself, except when in a great hurry, and twenty minutes after he arises he is dressed and ready for his walk. At the door of the living cabin he always finds Colonel E. W. Starling of the Secret Service, his walking and fishing companion.

Learning About Fish

Colonel Starling is a great outdoor man and knows about trees and the life of the woods. President Coolidge leans upon him for information outside of his own experience, and the two men appear to get great pleasure out of these strolls. The President is reported to be talkative while on his constitutionals. Just now he asks all kinds of questions about the habits of fish and wants to know the rudiments of the angler's art and the A B C of casting.

At 8:45 o'clock President Coolidge is ready for the day's work. First he sees his physician, Major James F. Coupal, who drives to the camp twice a day to keep tab on the President's health. While the President is in good physical condition and enjoys the best of health, except for a slight sinus trouble, he guards against any development that would impair his vigor. He is an easy victim of hay fever.

By 9 o'clock the day's messages begin to pour in upon him, and also the newspapers, which are sent from Syracuse. These disposed of, he is ready for his fishing expedition, which frequently consumes two hours. Before noon the letters that have come from Washington and documents requiring his signature are laid before him. Then he dictates his letters, which are returned to him for his signature later in the afternoon, when the second (afternoon) mail is also brought to White Pine Camp. Two enormous leather mail pouches, used by the Presidents on their vacation, are used to carry the mail from camp to Washington.

The executive offices work steadily from 9 o'clock to 5, answering letters and getting communications ready for the President. Ordinarily the President has all afternoon to himself, as his afternoon correspondence is not presented to him until about 5 o'clock. Lunch is at 1 o'clock, and, following his habit of keeping himself in good mental and physical condition, the President usually sleeps an hour after his midday meal. About 2:30 the afternoon fishing expeditions, walks or automobile trips are taken. The President tries to return from these by 5:30 or 6 o'clock, so as to accommodate himself to his office forces. When he goes a long distance, such as into the preserves originally owned by William Rockefeller, he sometimes does not return to camp until 7 o'clock. He is most methodical in his diversions as well as in his administrative duties, and late excursions are infrequent.

A Skilful Fisherman

The President's program of work and diversion continues the same each day. Sometimes he fishes only once, but nearly every day thus far he has tried his hand at casting twice. Apparently he wants to become an adept fisherman, and his guides say that he is learning to cast very skillfully and throw the heavy plugger for pike with ease.

The cottage which serves as the Summer White House is two or three miles from the camp, and it is at the cottage that the President receives the newspaper correspondents, for he has made it a rule that his camp shall have complete privacy.

On certain days the former living room becomes the waiting room for the correspondents. The Presidential car arrives and the President goes upstairs to Secretary Sanders's office. Outside Summer visitors begin to gather, for from the roadway the back of the President's head can be seen in the upper room. After many false alarms the President at last descends. Papers in his hands, tortoiseshell spectacles on his nose, he walks into the largest room and stands behind a desk in front of a large bay window. Here he confers with the correspondents, answering their written questions. The routine is similar to that followed at the White House.

The camp itself consists of a number of separate houses, each one almost hidden from the other by dense foliage, but connected by soft paths. They are all on top of the hill, at the foot of which is a dock and a long wooden bridge spanning a small inlet to another point of land.

It is here that Mr. Coolidge does much of his fishing. Among the guides there is a feeling that he knows much more about it than he acknowledges. They say that from the way he handles the rod he must have done considerable fishing before, and probably he has boyhood memories of the pools and streams of Vermont.

Mrs. Coolidge is said to be much pleased with the way the President is broadening his exercise. She is not in agreement with the theory that morning and evening walks are sufficient to keep her husband in condition. This is all he did for exercise in Washington, except an occasional morning ride on his electric horse. He never plays golf, and while on vacation followed his old habit until this year. He is taking up his new hobby with the eagerness of a child getting a new toy, and is represented as fully appreciative now of the advantages of fishing—the excitement and complete mental rest that it offers.

Gradually the President is slipping into the vacation class, but from all indications is doing so without neglecting his work. The books that have always hitherto occupied his attention while on a vacation—the reading of American history and biography—have been forsaken thus far for fishing. But there are plenty of rainy days, besides nights, for reading, and in the end he may get in his usual Summer reading while on his holiday in the woods.

The political prognosticators, many of them gloomy as to the President's future and that of the party, have not disturbed his customary calm. If he is devoting any thought to 1928 or the uncertainties of Republican control of the next Senate as the outcome of the Fall elections, he is not showing it in his talks. There is every evidence that he is giving himself up to a real rest.

President Coolidge is making up for many lost years—for vacations devoid of the play that fortifies a hard-working man for his tasks in the Winter. He has never learned to play, but he is doing it now. Mrs. Coolidge and those about him hope that he will soon drop work for nothing but rest and play in the outdoors. They want him to forget work, to put aside the nation's business for the time being and to get all the good he can out of life in the mountains.

As a handicap to this program Mr. Coolidge has very little play in him. From his youth in Vermont, and all through his life, he has been accustomed to the serious side—to work and unremitting application to those things that make for improvement.

Late in life, when he came to a position in which he could take time for a vacation, he did not know how to enjoy the diversions of such idleness.

Why He Never Golfed

As has been noted, President Coolidge never became interested in golf. He does not ride horseback, although the White House stables have plenty of good saddle horses. He has preferred walking. Now he has added fishing, and he may expand his diversions by taking long rides over the mountain trails or perhaps he will climb St. Regis, facing his cabin.

Discussing golf and other forms of play the other day, Mr. Coolidge summed up his case by saying: "Before coming to Washington I was too poor to play, and now I haven't the time."

Mrs. Coolidge has not yet taken part in the sporting life of the camp. Through Mrs. Alfred E. Smith, wife of the Governor, a New York State fishing license was sent to her, but the President's wife has not taken advantage of it to try her luck with the trout and bass of Lake Osgood and neighboring waters. She strolls about the grounds of the camp when inclination seizes her, and generally the two white collies go with her. Sometimes she walks as far as the lodge gates, where there is an Alpine rock garden containing sixty-three varieties of Alpine and wild flowers, a garden pronounced by

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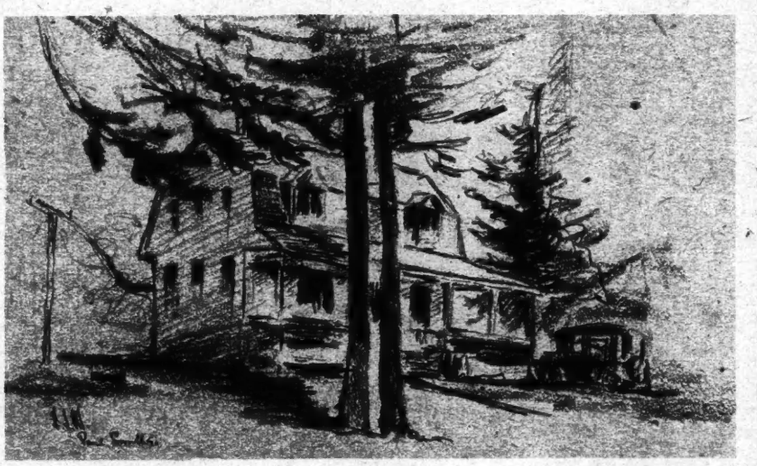
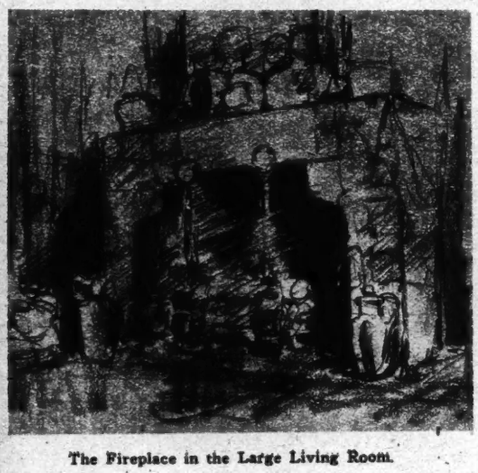


The Summer White House.

The Main Cabin.



The Fireplace in the Large Living Room.

DREYFUS LIVES ON, A FORGOTTEN FIGURE

Two Decades After His Vindication, the Chief Actor in the Famous "Affair," Still Bears the Marks Of His Suffering and Speaks Only Reluctantly of the Past — His Brother's Devotion

Devil's Island and the Prison of Dreyfus.

Dreyfus in His Prison Hut on Devil's Island.

Alfred Dreyfus.

By MARTHA GRUENING

PARIS.

TWENTY years ago this Summer Captain Alfred Dreyfus was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor in the presence of a deeply moved audience of soldiers and civilians in a courtyard of the Ecole Militaire, where twelve years before his Captain's stripes had been torn from him and his sword broken while a hostile mob clamored for his death.

Decoration followed the reversal by the French Court of Appeals of the verdict of two courts-martial, which had declared Dreyfus guilty of treason and sentenced him to military degradation and exile and imprisonment on Devil's Island. This final verdict of the French court officially put an end to a controversy that had actually brought France to the verge of civil war and was undoubtedly the greatest cause célèbre of modern times.

But while the verdict of the Court of Appeals stood, and still stands, discussion of the case has not ended. In almost none of these discussions, however, does one hear a word about the principal figure in the case. Thirty years ago he was probably the most widely known Frenchman in the world. Today he has lapsed into almost complete obscurity.

Difficult to Find

Although Dreyfus is actually living in Paris, as a retired Lieutenant Colonel, when I tried recently to find out something about him I received only vague and contradictory information and frequently was told that he was dead. The usual reaction to my question was to make people ask themselves and others: "What did become of Dreyfus, anyway?" He must be dead. How else could one account for the total eclipse of a figure once so important in the national life?

Eventually, however, I found him, and went, unannounced and without preliminary correspondence, to the beautiful apartment in the quiet Park Monceau neighborhood where he now lives.

I had a letter of introduction from an old friend, a man who had been one of his earliest defenders and whose name had appeared on the first petition asking for a revision of the conviction of 1894. The man in question had given it somewhat reluctantly, had written it with reserve. He had come close enough to the tragedy of the man unjustly condemned to understand, as no outsider could, Dreyfus's longing for complete peace and privacy.

One had the impression that Colonel Dreyfus's home afforded him both. I waited for him in a spacious hall whose Italian furnishings possessed dignity and distinction. From an inner room came the sound of a violin, the practicing of a player already advanced and skillful. Thanks to the letter, I was ushered almost immediately into the plain, workmanlike study of the man I had come to see.

It was a profoundly moving moment to be face to face with the man whose name had been a household word years ago; who had stood before the whole world as a symbol of martyred innocence. This was the man who had fought for years, with unsurpassed courage and tenacity, to clear his name, and who now, twenty years after, lived almost unknown in the very heart of Paris.

To see him and speak with him, even briefly, was to understand why this man, once so conspicuous a figure, asks nothing but to be left alone. It was to realize the human side of Dreyfus's story as no amount of documentation on the case could make one realize it.

Dreyfus himself has told a part of that story, simply and poignantly, in his book, "Five Years of My Life," and also in the "Letters of an Innocent Man"—the letters in which for five years, passionately, unceasingly, he protested his innocence and asked for justice. Having at last obtained it, having recorded all that it was necessary to record before the matter was cleared, he now has nothing to add. He is not a professional martyr, but a French citizen and a soldier, unwilling to exploit his martyrdom or to hark back to it. All the facts that matter are, he states, matters of record. The impression one carries away is one of dignity, reserve and stoicism.

A Strangely Youthful Face

Dreyfus is a slight, small man, slightly stooping and white haired. His strangely unlined, youthful face and clear blue eyes testify to the iron constitution and the inner fortitude that sustained him through the ordeal. Time has affected the erect military carriage with which his enemies reproached him at the time of his military degradation. One arm is carried forward with a slight stiffness, the result, doubtless, of the would-be assassin's bullet. An assassin shot him as "a protest against Dreyfusism" on the occasion of the transfer of Zola's ashes to the Pantheon in 1908. This explanation sufficed to acquit the assailant, so high did feeling still run, even two years after Dreyfus's complete vindication.

In spite of these infirmities, however, and in spite of his civilian clothes, Dreyfus strikes one as being a military man. He is, one feels, even in his retirement, pre-eminently a soldier, with a soldier's virtues and limitations; patient, enduring and courageous.

It was these qualities that at the time of his second court-martial made him appear to some of his defenders cold and stolid, lacking in imagination and emotion. An acute woman journalist, Mme. Séverine, alluding at that time to his self-control, said it would probably "alienate facile sympathies." Events proved her to have been right.

Today one feels him above all a soldier and a patriot, disciplined, loyal and uncomplaining. There is in him nothing either of the picturesque rebel or of the self-conscious martyr. The conventional phrase, "an officer and a gentleman," seems to sum him up perfectly.

That his personality should have failed to arouse enthusiasm is understandable. It certainly lacks theatrical appeal. That it should have aroused antagonism is harder to understand. The description Mme. Séverine gave of him in 1898 is still applicable: "He is definite, precise, poised, with an incredible strength of soul, a disdain of second-rate theatricalism."

Colonel Dreyfus is a graduate of the Polytechnique, with all that that implies: a precise and methodical spirit, an algebraic and disciplined mind. Yet under the calm exterior of this man there is an unspeakable despair, a burden of sorrow. His voice is colorless, and his eye behind the glitter of his monocle seems to have been vitrified in tears.

The first tones he utters are those of his constant earlier cry: "I am innocent, Mon Colonel. I swear to you that I am innocent."

I felt him, for all the courtesy of his reception, to be a man remote and inaccessible, hedged about by the invisible barriers his tragedy created. This accounts, perhaps, for the comparative obscurity in which Dreyfus lives today. It is a condition that he welcomes and seeks. There is probably no man in France who has less interest than he in the Dreyfus case, and he is the only man, doubtless, who has no opinion to give about it.

He Wishes to Forget

His own brother, Matthieu Dreyfus, said to me: "Since the rehabilitation I have never so much as mentioned the affaire to my brother. It is too painful. I am sure he wishes to forget. So does his wife. Besides, he is an old man, a very tired man. We have to take great care of him. I know that he still has nightmares full of the horrors he went through at that time."

Matthieu Dreyfus, the brother, has likewise little desire to speak of the case in which he played so heroic and devoted a part. For him, too, recollections of that time are very painful. On him the brother's suffering, unmerited disgrace and long struggle have impressed themselves more deeply than has the ultimate triumph. He is a large, gaunt man, strikingly handsome, despite his seventy-odd years; a fair Alsatian type, with sad, blue eyes. He, too, is obviously an old and tired man.

Matthieu gave himself and his fortune without reserve to the task of clearing his brother's name. It was he who first formally accused Esterhazy, the real traitor, of writing the bordereau—the document on which the accusation of treason was based. He, too, speaks of the case reluctantly and with extreme reserve. What to others is a milestone in the history of human justice is to him a brother's tragedy.

No triumph can erase the memory of his brother's sufferings on Devil's Island, nor the twelve years when he

(Continued on Page 20)

JOHN DREW DECLINES TO BID US GOOD BYE

He Is Under Seventy-three, the Dean of the Stage, and Regarded as an Institution in American Life

THE rumor that John Drew was about to retire—prematurely released at a recent celebration of the volunteer firemen of East Hampton—proved, as usual, much exaggerated. Mr. Drew is not yet 73 years young and will not reach that milestone of ripe manhood until the thirteenth day of November, when he celebrates his birthday as a sort of tribute to the memory of Edwin Booth, also born on the thirteenth day of the eleventh month.

From Booth, through Joseph Jefferson, has descended upon Drew the mantle of the dean of the American theatrical profession implied in his presidency of The Players. Only down in the region of Gramercy Park—where The Players reside—is it precisely known how young Drew is. It is there that he is always greeted as "John" when he comes in jauntily, with the trimmest figure, the most immaculate sartorial equipment and the most intriguing patterns in shirts and ties. And with them all the most genial and engaging manner.

It is true that sometime in the last century, when John Drew volunteered for the Spanish-American War, Theodore Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, said to him severely: "Drew, you can't do it. You and Henry Cabot Lodge are too old to go to war." The story is one that Drew tells on himself in his entertaining book, "My Years on the Stage." But that was only Colonel Roosevelt's manner of speaking. Besides, as has been said, it concerns the nineteenth century. Ours is the twentieth century John Drew—but still the same.

In July, 1921, Booth Tarkington wrote: "It is because of his humor—his own distinctive humor—that he has charmed the American public throughout so many fortunate years. John Drew has been an actual feature of the best American life since his youth—indeed, he is one of its Institutions." Such he continues to be—and Institutions never retire. Tarkington went on: "What he has played most congenially and with the manliest humor of his time have been the rôles of gentlemen," therefore his book must needs be "another portrait of a gentleman," to complete admirably the long list of such portraits that illustrated his stage career. For this actor "has found the better side of things and the cleaner surfaces of life more congenial than the mire, and if he should ever deal with mire he would do it cleanly."

Take with that what was said of John Drew when he was a mere lad of fifty by Edward A. Dithmar, in those days dramatic critic of THE NEW YORK TIMES. "A little while ago," Mr. Dithmar wrote in a little monograph of the man and his career, Drew was "the most approved representative on our dramatic stage of gay, volatile young gentlemen. Now he is accepted as the type of polite man of the world, social philosopher, wit, diplomatist, just on the threshold of middle years." His special elegance the critic defined as that of "a chapter of Henry James rather than that of a scene by Congreve." In short, he stood for the final flowering of the nineteenth century culture, cool and collected, ironic with a kindly irony.

It was Dithmar also who noted the sense of contemporary theatregoers, that Drew "takes the manners of polite society direct from the drawing room to the stage."

"Yet," he said, "Mr. Drew is one of the comparatively few prominent actors of his day who was actually born on the stage. He is of the third generation of a theatrical family. Both of his parents were actors, and so were their parents."

In this respect his case is matched by those of Jefferson and Booth, his predecessors. Indeed, in spite of invasions from all sides, from above and below, the theatrical calling persists in being more largely hereditary than almost any other modern employment. The Drew family merely supplies the most conspicuous current American instance of the tendency. In that connection, John Drew confesses himself initiator of a quaint family custom. When one of his nephews, Lionel or John Barrymore, or his niece, Ethel Barrymore—all children of his sister, known in the family as Georgie—when any one of the three has a first night Uncle John sends him—or her—a nice big red apple. It is his reward for "speaking his piece good." In return Uncle John also receives a nice big red apple when he has a first night.

With this goes the story of young Ethel's first essay as leading woman in "Captain Jinks," which happened in the late '90s. The try-out was in Philadelphia, where John Drew was born, where his father, the elder John Drew (who was a notable Irish comedian in parts like Rory O'More), had frequently acted, and where his mother, the elder Mrs. John Drew, had presided as manager of the Arch Street Theatre over the younger John's stage début at 19. When young Ethel seemed a little nervous a voice from the gallery descended upon her like gentle dew from heaven. "Speak up, Ethel," it said, "you're all right. The Drews is all good actors."

It is a story which the John Drew of today may tell with becoming family pride. Just as becomingly he may give a hint of the reason why that manner of his produces on the stage the effect of direct and authentic importation from the drawing room—whether it is the drawing room of the staid late nineteenth century or that of the more spectacular eighteenth.

For many years after he was an established actor, Mrs. Drew lived with her son at their country residence, which was then at West Hampton, L. I. Thus, says the son, "I had the advantage of talks with my mother." He notes especially the value of her professional advice in connection with the performance of "The School for Scandal," in the middle '80s, the great days of Augustin Daly's company, when the twin stars—though they did not call them that—were John Drew and Ada Rehan; when Daly first nights were the theatrical events of the social season and used to be attended regularly by General Sherman, General Horace Porter, Mark Twain, H. C. Bunner, George William Curtis, Charles Dudley Warner, Frank R. Stockton, Stanford White, Frank D. Millet and Edwin A. Abbey. There was a Victorian galaxy, even if, as Mr. Drew confesses, the play was often not the thing, but only the way Daly and his company did something which was a mere stage-carpentered adaptation of a second-rate German piece. Germany was the usual source of cheap contemporary theatrical material for Daly. He did not like the French plays, which served his rival, A. M. Palmer, in the same fashion.

The most successful of these German adaptations—pieces like "A Night Off" contrived out of Paul von Schönthan's "Rape of the Sabine Women"—were played by Drew and his associates not only in this country but in England and Germany, and even—most untactfully so soon after the Franco-Prussian War—in Paris. For Daly had a way of taking his company to Europe between New York seasons when he did not take it on a tour to the Pacific Coast. They are all forgotten now—except the names—and deserve to be. But distributed among them were classical revivals. One was "The School for Scandal" already mentioned, in which Daly took the liberty of substituting a dance for Lady Sneerwell's scandal-mongering card party. Another was "The Taming of the Shrew," most acclaimed of all the Daly productions, the one which left Ada Rehan the supreme Katherine of all time in the mind of William Winter and the standard of comparison for all actresses ever after—to the utter damnation of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, among others.

Henry Irving also was led captive by Miss Rehan when the play was given by Daly's company in London. Candidly Mr. Drew admits that Sir Henry did not admire so unreservedly Drew as Petruchio. Indeed, in this case, the first honors were admittedly with the leading lady. Miss Rehan also played with Drew in "The Merry Wives." On the day of the Great Blizzard, in March, 1888, she was Rosalind to his Orlando in "As You Like It" and narrowly achieved getting to the theatre at all because of having gone virtuously to Brooklyn to visit her mother.

Those who know only the John Drew of the polite modern drama—the polished personage out of a Henry James chapter—are recommended to gaze upon his picture as the King of Navarre in "Love's Labour's Lost"—and learn how romantic a figure he could be. He began to play in pieces by Arthur Wing Pinero even under Daly's management—plays now forgotten like "The Squire," "Dandy Dick" and "The Magistrate." But it was after he left Daly and joined Charles Frohman's forces that, as Drew himself puts it, he "left light comedy for dramatized fiction." That meant his appearance in the play made out of Winston Churchill's "Richard Carvel." He found out afterward, he says, that the piece had been built for James K. Hackett. He thinks that Charles Frohman bribed or wheedled brother Daniel Frohman into giving it up to him. He doesn't pretend that he was happy in it.

However, that was later. The beginning of the Frohman régime in October, 1892, was the beginning of Mr. Drew's association with Maude Adams and of all the glamourous era of the '90s when everybody went to the Empire Theatre to see these two favorites. The first play with Miss Adams was "The Masked Ball." Wallack's was the theatre, not the Empire, and Drew was particularly struck with the fragility of his new leading lady whose presence in the company as such, he says, he owed to his wife. Mrs. Drew had seen and approved Miss Adams in San Francisco or Chicago. The truth is, Mr. Frohman's new leading man or star was used to Ada Rehan, who was a hearty and robust person, with a ready laugh, a powerful right arm and no gentle

(Continued on Page 22)

John Drew.

From the Portrait by Joseph de Camp at The Players.

AUTOLESS BERMUDA ACCEPTS A 'RAILWAY'

Proposes to Put Buses On Steel and Thus To Preserve Her Coral Roads

By WALTER B. HAYWARD

CONSERVATIVE Bermuda, one of the few spots on the globe free from automobiles, proposes to put motor buses on rails and call the affair a railway. Her Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Sir J. J. Asser, recently turned the first sod for the line and urged the Bermudians to forget their acrimonious discussions and to support the project. Thus Bermuda compromises the public demand for better transportation with the desire to reserve her white coral roads for the use of the horse and the bicycle. The railway will wind through the countryside, and, although it will skirt the hills and cut the corners of gardens and farms, the line will not invade the highways.

Back of the Governor's reference to "acrimonious discussions" lies a tale that involves coral insects, native Bermudians, a runaway horse, American residents and tourists, golfers, domestic and foreign, and the venerable House of Assembly, which has been making the laws of Bermuda since 1620.

The story begins with the coral insects, who chose the top of a submarine mountain for their scene of operations a million or more years ago. The exact date is immaterial. Suffice it to say that the coral polyps, aided by their ally, the wind, created a trifle less than twenty square miles of land, but omitted to fuse it into a compact mass. The result was an archipelago of 150 islands and rocks scattered over a considerable expanse of blue sea—a charming arrangement from a scenic viewpoint but one not calculated to simplify transportation. That, however, is the way of the coral worker. He is essentially an artist.

The Bermudians, nevertheless, got along very well for nearly three centuries. At first they used boats and tribal paths, and when the horse was imported they made roads. Finally they connected the larger islands by bridges and causeways. So excellent was their road system that at the height of the bicycle craze American wheelmen in clubs fifty strong invaded Bermuda and discovered the islands for their fellow-countrymen. Incidentally, they brought a new form of transportation to the colony. The Bermudians accepted it, but were loyal to their own flag and bought British wheels. Today there are said to be 7,000 bicycles in daily use among a population of 22,000. And they are licensed and taxed.

Life was placid in Bermuda without the tourist. People lived and died without bothering to go beyond the borders of their own parish. And they lived long, for there was no need to hurry or to worry. If inclined to travel, they did not protest if it took them a whole day (as it still does) to go from one end of the colony to the other—a distance of perhaps twenty-eight miles. Carriage hire was cheap and time was not a factor.

The Causeway Which Connects St. George's Island With the Main Island of Bermuda.

Horse Won Over Motor Bus

The American tourist, with his pocket full of dollars, invariably stimulates a sleepy community. In the course of time he completely changed the aspect of Bermuda life. He came and his numbers multiplied year by year until there were not enough carriages to handle his trade and that of the natives at the same time. Then, eighteen years ago, some enterprising Bermudians with an eye to profit imported two or three motor buses with the idea of revolutionising transportation. Apparently they had the right idea, for the buses were popular. But it so happened that one of the buses frightened a nervous horse. As Bermuda is not more than two or three miles wide at the broadest point, the animal nearly ran into the Atlantic Ocean. Then and there the bolting horse made a political issue. He holds no minor place in Bermuda history, which, an eminent historian has said, is like the history of England seen through the large end of a telescope.

Trivial matters like the affair of the horse have influenced the course of human events ever since history began to be written. Hence there was sound precedent when the House of Assembly—the lower house of the Bermuda Parliament—stepped into the situation. As a legislative body second in point of age to the Mother of Parliaments at Westminster, the Bermuda Assembly takes its duties seriously. Indeed, a former Governor of the colony says, "It holds to its ancient privileges with a tenacity that is sometimes hysterical," and even the Colonial Office in London hesitates to cross swords with the Assembly on purely domestic matters.

This matter of the bolting horse did not conflict with British imperial policy. Accordingly the House, after due deliberation, decided that motor buses were a menace to life and property—in Bermuda at least. Then the Motor Prohibition act was passed. The offending bus and its companions were dismantled and deported as undesirable citizens, and the Bermudians returned to the horse and the bicycle.

Motor prohibition in Bermuda, like liquor prohibition in America, proved to be a vexing question. The buses had left the desire for a more convenient mode of travel. Some people demanded a restricted bus service under Government control. Others advocated the unrestricted use of motor cars, and a third group stood by the prohibition act. The latter group held that automobiles of any sort would be a nuisance, and would, moreover, cause a heavy outlay for road maintenance.

The talk continued but nothing came of it until, in the midst of the war, the House voted to admit motors, only to have its bill rejected by the Legislative Council, to which it sometimes must bow. The pro-motor group retired in confusion, much to the delight of its opponents and also, be it said, of the permanent American colony, which wanted no honking automobiles running past its villas and grinding the roads into powder. The American residents did not maintain complete silence in this agitation. Some of them even threatened to sell their holdings and leave the colony if motors were imported, and no doubt their attitude had some influence upon those who control Bermuda's destinies.

In the face of all this the issue refused to die. It came back to plague the Assembly when the flood of tourists, which had been suspended during the war, bore down again upon the coral reefs and in the yearly aggregate exceeded the population of the islands. The Assembly found it advisable to admit a few motor lorries for work on the roads, but on the main issue it held its ground.

Then two golf links were built, one at the eastern end of the colony, the other at the western end. Now, golf is a serious business and no time must be lost in getting on the links. What better way to save time for the busy golfer than to run him to the course by motor? So argued the motor advocates. And they went at it once more, unleashing much oratory and spilling gallons of printer's ink—all to no purpose.

A Bermuda Roadway With Its Typical Carriage.

Photos © by Publishers Photo Service.

The Railway Finally Triumphs

Finally there came to Bermuda a stranger with a plan for motor buses on rails and a promise of financial backing. He was ready, he said, to give adequate transportation, provided the Assembly would grant him protection from mechanically propelled vehicles for forty years. The Assembly balked at a proposal that would bar motor cars from the islands for the better part of two generations, but it agreed to guarantee the promoter against competition from any railway or trolley line for forty years. Half a loaf being better than none, the company decided to go on with its plans.

Governor Asser pictures the railway as something that will provide cheap and comfortable travel for the people who have not long pockets and cannot bicycle long distances, and enable those with limited time to go quickly to their amusements at small cost. He expects the line to be a convenience to the tourist and a means of developing isolated areas; also that it will move the farmer's crops and thus reduce the present high cost of farming. If the promise is fulfilled the Bermudians should be satisfied.

Meantime they will sit at home and await the completion of their railway. At least, those who are too old to push a bicycle and cannot afford to compete with the tourist for carriages will sit at home. Or else they will patronize the horse buses, which are buses in name only.

(Continued on Page 23)

OLD ARCHIMEDES TEASES THE MODERNS

Out of the Past of Twenty-two Centuries Has Been Resurrected a Puzzle Pastime Like the One His Fertile Brain Evolved for the Ancient Greeks and Romans—His Stomachion Described.

Archimedes.

Epidemics of brain teasers of many sorts have swept both this country and foreign lands in recent generations. In the past decade or two there have been crossword puzzle crazes and jig-saw puzzle fads—to say nothing of Mah Jong fevers and such games as Flinch and Lotto. Now, out of the past of twenty-two centuries, has been reconstructed a puzzle pastime of the old Greeks and Romans, similar in nature—one that was devised by the great mathematician Archimedes. Weird cubist shapes of men, animals and boats may be assembled from fourteen little pieces of various angles cut from a rectangle of cardboard or from some flat material. The existence of this ancient puzzle has been known to classicists, although they were not able to reconstruct it. It remained for the research of the author of the following article to restore for the modern world the entertainment Archimedes devised for the ancients. Some of the shapes into which the pieces may be arranged are reproduced on these pages.

By R. D. OLDHAM

WELL over two thousand years ago, in the third century B. C., there lived at Syracuse, in Sicily, a famous mathematician named Archimedes. He was not only the greatest of the Greek mathematicians and geometers, but also a fertile inventor. The discoverer of the method of determining the density, or, as it is now called, the specific gravity of substances, he installed an elevator in the palace of the King of Syracuse, invented a method of lifting water, and in the siege of Syracuse the Romans were met by one contrivance after another, of his design, by which their engines and arrangements for attack were destroyed, and the assaults repulsed with great loss. At last, if the besieged merely thrust a pole or threw a rope over the walls, the besiegers fled in terror of some new infernal machine contrived by the fertile brain of Archimedes.

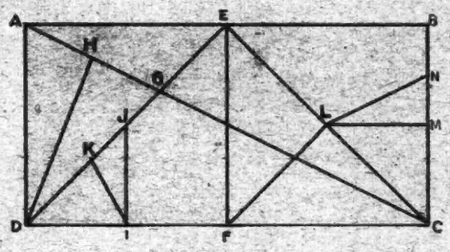
These inventions, however, he regarded as forced from him by necessity, and in themselves unworthy of the attention of a really intellectual person. Yet he was not averse to an indulgence in humor; there remains an elaborate joke in the form of a mathematical problem propounded by him to his rivals of Alexandria, who had written contemptuously of some of his own work; and he was the author of a pastime which long amused the Greeks and Romans of succeeding generations.

Of this nothing was known, up to the end of the last century, except from some references in Latin writers of the third and fourth centuries A. D., by whom it was called loculus Archimedius, the first word meaning a small receptacle divided into compartments. The Greek name is uncertain; the lexicons give it as ostomachia, but the only authority quoted is the Latin writer Ausonius. This, however, is the form usually adopted by the editors of printed texts, though the word is sometimes given as stomachia.

What Drives One Wild

The question of choice between these two forms was discussed at length in 1907 by Professor J. L. Heiberg, who concluded that the first-named usual form is a mistaken emendation of editors and that the other is the correct one; it is also the form found in a palimpsest, deciphered by him in 1906, and the only known occurrence of the word in a Greek manuscript. If ostomachia is correct the interpretation would be a battle or struggle of bones, while stomachia, or stomachion, would mean "the thing that drives one wild."

The description of the Latin writers, being in each case a parenthesis in illustration of a very difficult subject, are naturally incomplete. The best of these descriptions is that of the Roman soldier-poet Ausonius, who wrote in the latter half of the fourth century, about a hundred years after Archimedes. According to this, it consisted of little pieces of bone, fourteen in number, representing geometrical figures, and by fitting these together in various ways pictures of countless objects could be produced—of fearsome elephants and barking dogs, of savage boars, of geese in flight, gladiators in armor, a hunter crouching down, also a tower, a tankard and numerous other things whose variety depended upon the skill of the player. But while the harmonious arrangements of the skilled were marvelous, the jumbles of the inexpert were ridiculous.



The Loculus of Archimedes.

From other sources we also learn that the pieces, besides triangles of various sizes and shapes, comprised some having a larger number of sides, and that the pieces were usually of ivory or ebony and that they were contained in a square box, whence came the name of loculus.

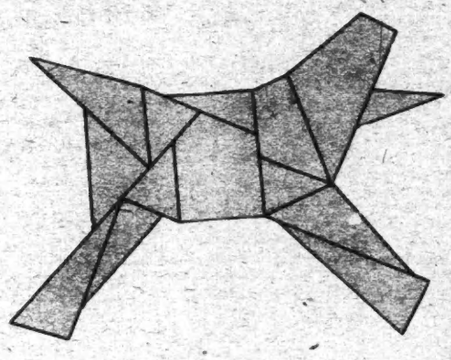
These mentions of the pastime show that it was akin to, though more elaborate than, the familiar Chinese puzzle of Tangram, but they give no clue to the pattern on which the pieces were designed, and as no fragment of the writings of Archimedes himself was known, in which any mention was to be found of this pastime, it was even uncertain whether he was really the designer or had no more connection with it than with the Archimedean drill of the modern ironmonger.

This was the state of the question up to the end of the last century, when an Arabic translation from the Greek was first published. The manuscript definitely describes itself as a book of Archimedes on the division of the Stomachion and gives detailed instructions as to how this was to be carried out. Unfortunately, however, it omits to mention what was the exact shape and proportion of the figure, taken to start with.

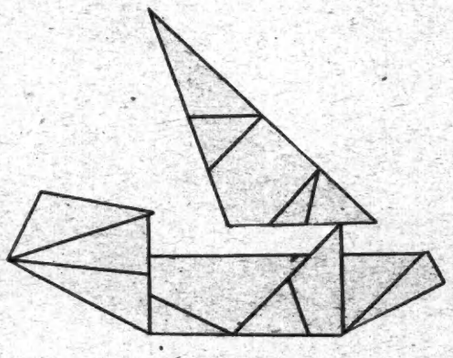
The next step was the discovery, in 1906, that a certain manuscript ritual of the Greek Church, written in the seventeenth century, was a palimpsest; that is, it was written on parchment which had been used before and the old writing erased, yet not so completely that it is not still possible to read a good deal of the original work, and to recognize that this was a copy of the works of Archimedes, containing much that had not been known, and among other things the commencement of a book of the Stomachion. This goes just far enough to show that the pastime was in fact an invention of Archimedes himself, and contains just enough of the directions for constructing it to give the information which was wanting in the Arabic translation. The opening paragraph of this fragment says that as the thing called the Stomachion presents examples of the method of transposition of figures, he thinks it well to treat of these and to show how it is divided and how the parts resemble each other, so that in forming them into pictures one may see how the angles may be combined to form two right angles, and whether two sides, which appear to lie in a straight line, do so, or depart slightly from it.

It is evident from this summary that the complete book was a very interesting treatise on the game, but only two short passages remain. One passage, so far as it goes, is similar to what is described in the Arabic manuscript, but with the important addition that the whole figure is divided into two equal halves, each half a square. This meant that the original figure was a rectangle, instead of, as might have been deduced from the Arabic manuscript, a square.

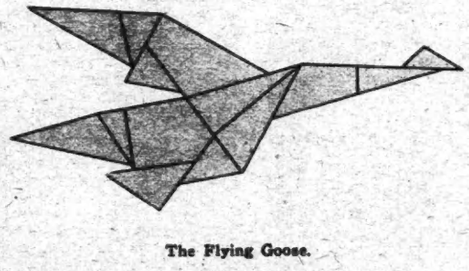
The palimpsest manuscript has been published since 1913, but it had not occurred to any one to combine the two partial descriptions, Arabic and palimpsest, before the latter end of 1925. Then, my attention having been drawn to the subject, I noticed that it was now possible to restore the complete figure as originally designed, so that any one who wishes to do so may reconstruct the Stomachion or Loculus. In drawing the lines, but one departure is made from the Arabic, and this appears necessary if the thing is to be used in the manner described and not as a mere exercise in geometry.



The Barking Dog.



The Lateen-Rigged Ship.



The Flying Goose.

Cardboard Will Do

The ambitious and skilled may emulate the ancients and make it of ivory or ebony, but good cardboard is more easily worked, and in any case is best to use for a first attempt. A piece of stiff card of good quality which will cut cleanly is the first thing; then draw on it a rectangle twice as broad as it is high; for size, about six inches by three will be found convenient; if less than four inches by two, some of the pieces will be too small to use conveniently, and if larger than eight inches by four, the amount of room required for moving the pieces about becomes too large for comfort. The exact size, however, is not material, but it is essential that the dimensions in one direction shall be exactly double the other.

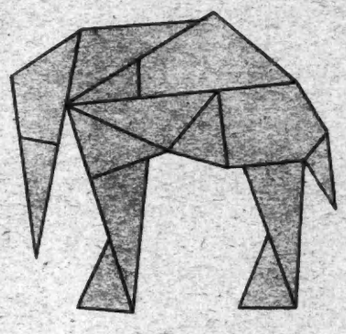
Having drawn this rectangle, represented by A B C D in the figure, the next step is to divide the two longer sides in half and join the two points E and F. This gives two squares, side by side with each other, in each of which a diagonal is drawn from the centre point of the upper long side of the original rectangle, D E and E C of the figure, and the long diagonal A C of the rectangle is drawn from the top left-

hand corner to the bottom right-hand corner. Then, in the left-hand square, the line joining A with the intersection of the diagonals at G is divided into two equal halves at H, and the line H D is drawn; the side D F of the square is halved at I, and I J drawn square with D F to meet the diagonal D E at J; finally a line is drawn from I in the direction I A, but only as far as the diagonal D E, which it meets in K. Turning next to the right-hand square, one-half of the diagonal F B is drawn from F to the centre of the square at L; the side B C is halved at M and the line M L drawn; finally B M is halved in N and the line N L is drawn.

Quite Easy and Simple

These instructions may seem complicated in reading, but if actually followed out, step by step, with a ruler and pencil, will be found quite easy and simple; and then, if the card is cut with a sharp knife or scissors along the lines, it will be found that there are two squares, each composed of seven pieces, or fourteen in all, with which a good deal may be done in the way of combination into figures of various forms; and a game will be made which was used by the ancients for about five hundred years and then lost for the next fifteen hundred.

It may be added that there is just a little uncertainty about the last line in the description, and it is possible that the point N should be at one-third, not one-half, of the distance between M and B; the former makes rather prettier geometry of the division, but the latter is so much better for composing into pictures that it is to be preferred, even if the other was the original design, which is by no means certain.



The Elephant.

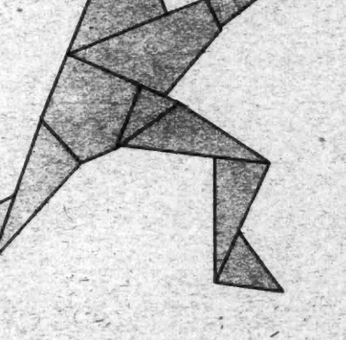
Having cut out your set of pieces, you begin to try to piece them together. At first the attempt will seem to be hopeless of success—the pieces, nearly all different in shape and size, do not seem to fit together in any way. But, after a little practice, order evolves from this chaos, and one begins to admire the cleverness with which the apparently random division of the original rectangle has been in reality designed.

In any pastime of the kind, in which separate pieces are put together to form pictures—not a picture, as in the ordinary jig-saw, but new designs—invented by the player, or copied from those invented by other players, it is necessary that the angles should readily combine in as many different ways as possible, to fill in the whole circle, or to form a straight line against which the side of another piece may be placed. And it is also needful that the lengths of the sides should match with those of other pieces, or with a combination of such sides.

Now when the angles of the pieces are studied, it will be found that there are in reality only two sets of angles concerned, which may be combined in an almost infinite number of ways to form a solid block round a point, or to continue the straight line of one of the sides. The sides, too, are simple fractions of three units of length, and can be made to match either another side or a combination of other sides in many different ways.

To this general rule there is one exception in the two triangles on either side of the line D H; the line itself will not exactly match any other side, and the angles are about four degrees out from combining with the others to form a straight line or a complete circle. This slight difference in angle comes in very effectively, at times, in giving the parts of a figure a slight tilt from each other, which may increase the realism; and Archimedes himself was merciful in his instructions and specifically says that a figure otherwise satisfactory is not to be rejected on account of any small gap introduced by this want of completeness in building up the straight line or complete circle.

A few examples, not all of my own invention, will give an idea of the great variety of results which can be produced from this set of pieces. The lateen-rigged ship gives a good example of the way in which the smaller figures can be combined to form larger triangles and rectangles, while the charging soldier is a figure full of life, which may be contrasted with the look of bored submission on the face of the patient shopper, impressed by his womenkind to carry the parcels. The ostrich is full of dignity, and the flying goose is by no means a bad representation of the original. The barking dog is somewhat dropsical in the legs, but there can be little difficulty in recognising the Pied Piper of Hamelin. This set of figures will serve as a start, and it will be found that in each case they may be modified by a rearrangement of some of the pieces, and they will at least indicate the great variety of combinations which can be evolved from this ancient pastime.

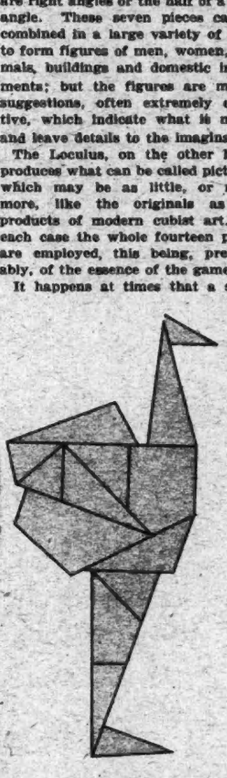


The Charge.

A few words may be added on the comparison between this and the older and simpler Chinese puzzle, or Tangram. Though similar in purpose the two are quite distinct in pattern. The Chinese puzzle consists of only seven, instead of fourteen, pieces, and the only angles involved are right angles or the half of a right angle. These seven pieces can be combined in a large variety of ways to form figures of men, women, animals, buildings and domestic implements; but the figures are merely suggestions, often extremely effective, which indicate what is meant and leave details to the imagination.

The Loculus, on the other hand, produces what can be called pictures, which may be as little, or much more, like the originals as the products of modern cubist art. In each case the whole fourteen pieces are employed, this being, presumably, of the essence of the game.

It happens at times that a satisfactory figure may be built up, with one or two pieces to spare; and then the fitting in of these superfluous pieces becomes the "thing that drives one wild."



The Ostrich.

The Loculus is not the only baffling problem Archimedes left to posterity. In an epigram addressed to mathematicians of another city the sage of Syracuse challenged them to determine the number of bulls and cows of four distinct colorings and contained in a space described by formula. The formulae of Archimedes are fragmentary, but for over twenty centuries mathematically inclined persons have been arranging them in the endeavor to solve the problem. By the employment of logarithms and higher mathematics answers in the billions and figures approaching astronomical distances have been obtained to Archimedes's cattle problem.

For versatility of inventions and mechanical devices, Archimedes might be termed the Leonardo da Vinci, the Benjamin Franklin or the Edison of his day. Even counting the exaggeration that goes with the telling of the history of antiquity, Archimedes's mechanical inspirations and mathematical discoveries reach an extraordinary number. Apparently he placed little store in the inventions which made for him a place in popular interest. To him they were "geometric playthings." His chief interest was mathematics, and in the contrivances that made him equally as famous as his work in the realms of pure science he had not enough pride to write about them. This was left to others, whose accounts vary to such an extent that much of the career of the old Greek mathematician is fascinatingly legendary.

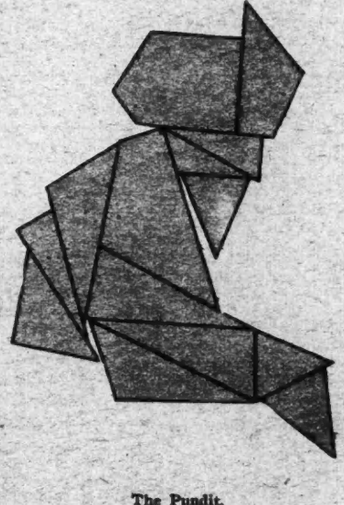
In the study of physics every secondary school pupil the world over encounters the name of Archimedes in the exposition of a famous principle of hydrostatics to the effect that the loss of weight of a body immersed in any liquid equals the weight of the liquid displaced.

According to chroniclers of antiquity, Hiero, King of Syracuse, suspected that his new crown was not all gold, but that it contained considerable silver alloy. He could not prove this but thought that Archimedes might. The latter was deliberating upon the problem when he stepped into a bath and noticed the water running over. It occurred to him then that the presence or absence of an alloy in the crown could be proved by putting the crown in a vessel filled with water and observing the difference in overflow when an equal weight of gold should be put in the same vessel.

Archimedes Rushed Out

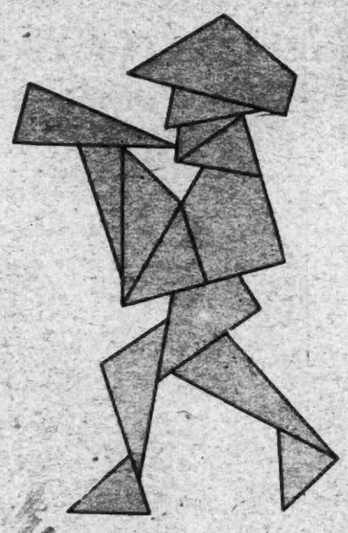
So excited was Archimedes over the discovery of this principle that he leaped from his bath, forgot his clothes and rushed through the streets to his home crying "Eureka!" The ancient accounts then neglect to inform posterity what happened to the man who adulterated the King's crown.

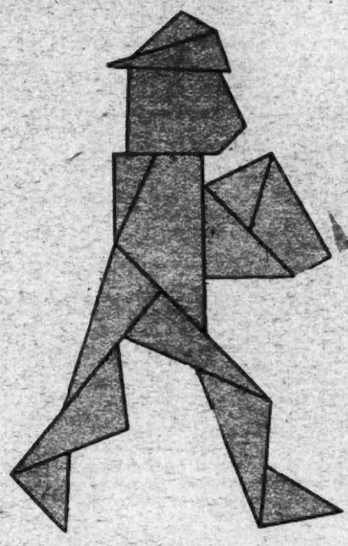
The same traditional abstraction exhibited when he ran out into the street without his clothes on exists in possibly legendary accounts of the death of Archimedes. In the fall of Syracuse, after a siege made more difficult for the Romans by defensive mechanical devices of Archimedes, Marcellus, the Roman commander, issued orders that the famous old mathematician should be spared. But during the general massacre which followed the capture of Syracuse a Roman soldier came upon an old man drawing mathematical figures in the dust, and getting no answer ran him through with his sword. In the midst of his triumph Marcellus lamented Archimedes's death and decreed him an honorable burial. In accordance with Archimedes's request his tomb was marked by the figure of a sphere inscribed in a cylinder, for he regarded his discovery of the relations between the volumes of a sphere and its circumscribed cylinder as his supreme achievement.



The Pundit.

Right—The Pied Piper.





Left—The Patient Shopper.

AS A HICK TOWN NEW YORK HOLDS THE FRONT RANK

"Third Avenoo," Who Gives This Dictum, Has Sold Gewgaws to Our Gullible Since Cable-Car Days

By M. B. LEVICK

HIS cronies call him Third Avenoo. He is one of the old-timers who peddle gewgaws to the gullible, and he says that although New York is not what it was in the good old days it is still the biggest hick town in the United States.

Third Avenoo ought to know. People were still looking at the wonderful new cable cars on Broadway when he acquired the trick of looking both ways at once for cops and still catch the eye of the sidewalk crowd. There is none of the lot who can fold his tent and fade into the scenery (his own phrase) with more adeptness.

That is saying much for Third Avenoo, for an adroit get-away is a good part of the stock in trade of the professional vendor of wiggling snakes, fighting roosters and all the flashy trinkets that are manufactured by the thousand gross for county fairs from Skowhegan to Umatilla—and find a steady market in the big town that thinks it's the wisest on earth.

"I remember," Third Avenoo says, "one day, it was fifteen years ago, but you could do it again tomorrow. We was sitting around chewing the rag and it was kind of dull, and I says, 'Well, boys, I got to go out humgushing and I'd like to come back rich.' You don't know what humgushing means, maybe; it's when you go out to make the noise for a chew.

One Carnival of Rubes

"Well, we says what'll we do, so we got together and doped out something new. We got a paper of pins and a box of rubber bands and we invented the rubber high hat right there. Stick a pin through each end of the rubber and then stick the pins in the sides of a guy's hat, underneath, see, and when he puts it on it pops right off. Why, that day we strung along Nassau street in the lunch hour and we sold two gross of pins and rubbers at ten cents apiece. Hick town? Say, New York's one grand carnival of rubes."

Nevertheless, times have changed. Third Avenoo and his friends ought to know. Whatever is the opposite of sales of resistance, many of them have studied it not only here but in Wilkes-Barre and Omaha and in the villages, wherever a fair or convention is large enough to make the trip worth while. They used to go forth thirty together, in a special car, and the railroads solicited their business. But it is different now.

Prohibition helped change them. Where once New York spent $1,000 for paper hats and noisemakers on New Year's Eve, now it spends $25, says Third Avenoo, who adds that he himself is afraid to drink the stuff they sell nowadays. The time when 200 men could clean up a small fortune selling peanuts and so forth at a New York football game or an auto race is gone.

All Tell of Decay

Even the specialists, some of whom stand a little aloof from Third Avenoo and his associates in Ann Street, have the same opinion. There are few whitestone workers left; they used to do well on the streets with their rhinestones, and often rented a day's concession in a small store at a profit. The glimworker with his tray of spectacles; the pitchman with hoops, which are rings, or lumpies, meaning watches—these, too, see decay even while sighing over the possibilities of New York as compared with elsewhere.

The trouble, one gathers, is the opposition of the merchants who have store rent to pay, and the vigilance of the police. Rent payers might not object to the peddling of the rubber high hat, but on the heels of a novelty like that come ties and socks. The pushcart markets have been regulated into zones, but the freelance novelty hawker makes his ballyhoo on his own, with the strategy of retreat always in mind.

The trade used to thrive in Fulton Street, and twelve years ago there were push carts in Ann Street, where the regulars hang out. There was a time when one might see ten or fifteen wagons lined up there, with the drivers all upstairs playing pinochle in a loft in Henry Schwartz's building, just west of Theatre Alley. It is a brick building filled floor by floor with Hawaiian leis, balloons, carnival canes and a thousand sorts of trick goods, some carrying the dust of 1900. Schwartz filled an order for toy registers the other day out of a pile that had been untouched twenty-one years, and world wars and such things had added 7 cents to the value of each 10-cent item.

Henry Schwartz has been forty years in Ann Street. He speaks of himself as the only living boss peddler, and he has marvels to tell of the eternal hickishness of human nature, in New York or anywhere you choose. In the old days he would be gone all Summer with his crews, following the crowds. It's a good deal like circus life, with plenty of fun over the poker games in the special car.

"Made and lost fortunes," says Schwartz. "Been broke twice, and then sometimes make a thousand in ten minutes."

It seems to have taught him a philosophy. He joins the chorus, nevertheless: "The good old days'll never come back."

The regulars gather at Schwartz's every day when they're in town, and they gather formally once a year, when he gives them a blowout on the Sunday nearest his birthday. This year it's March 28. They know him and he knows them. He has to. The old-timer never buys. "You got to tick 'em," says Schwartz; and his boast that he is seldom fooled in giving credit is as much a tribute to them as to his sagacity.

They form a corps that has a spirit of its own. They gather for the birthday, many after wintering in the South. They come from New Orleans, where the Mardi Gras makes business, and from Florida and California, ready to make a pitch on the sidewalks of New York as soon as the snows have gone.

Colonel Bert is one of them. Fifty of his seventy-five years have been spent in selling trifles to the rubes. The Colonel is toastmaster at the birthday. Of the twenty real old-timers he is one of the four oldest. Michael Riley is another of the generation that used to live in the Bowery; since the Bowery's decline they content themselves with some such quarters as the Mills Hotel in Rivington Street, when there's nothing to take them to smaller towns. The old ones are few; of the others there are anywhere from 250 to 1,000 ready to go out with the corrugated boxes, which are easier to pick up in a moment of alarm than the trays of other days.

Lively Foregatherings

When they come back from the South it's like a reunion. Sloppy Fisher brings tales of daring, and Yurky has stories of the abiding faith of human nature. Pipky always looms up large, although Pipky is only 4 feet 8 and never pays railroad fare because he can hide under the card table when the conductor comes through. The players just put their feet on him.

And when they gather, some of the old ones are always missing. Peanuts is dead. He was a great one. Every Winter a hotel man in Jacksonville used to send him a railroad ticket, because Peanuts, standing at the Jacksonville station, would just yell the name of the hotel and throw 'em in the bus. It was as easy, he would say, as a rubber high hat.

Third Avenoo shows the marks of a hard life, yet perhaps he must be listed among those who are paid not for what they do but for what they know. He works not mere bankers' hours but bankers' lunch hours—from 11 to 1 or 1:30. That is the benefit of specialized knowledge. He knows not only the time but also the place—Manhattan south of Chambers Street. Few of the most expert range as far north as Canal. In these limits he finds the perpetual equivalent of a Chippewa Falls street carnival.

Third Avenoo says it isn't that more stuff sells in New York, just as more shoes are sold than anywhere else, because there are more feet. No, New York just eats it up, and if it weren't for the peddlers who demonstrate socks or ties, and so get the store owners stirred up, a man could still make $5 to $8 for himself between 11 o'clock and 1.

The Tango Top Tickles

Then Third Avenoo recalls some of the big days he had with the acid-proof collar button—you just put a little vaseline on it and the acid can't go through when you demonstrate—or the tango top, which tickled New York immensely, or the cannon wagon that made a noise. The collapsible paper house he cites as a good thing in these decadent times; 10,000 gross have been sold in four years, and they're still going strong. The little wrist watch he also cites; in one week New York's sidewalk hucksters sold 288,000 of these. It's just like the show business, says Third Avenoo—you never can tell just what's going to be the biggest.

And what of the immemorial little chickens fighting as the peddler twitched the thread? Alas, these favorites of a grown generation are scorned by Third Avenoo. "Naw," he says, "that was never a big hit. A steady seller, yes, but it was a panhandling proposition, because the guy that watched 'em thought they was really fighting." The technical distinction is not quite clear, but Third Avenoo is wandering heedless through the past: "I sold 'em once, by the reservoir in Forty-second Street, where the Public Library is now. But it was a desperate chance, a desperate chance."

The Collapsible Paper House Still Goes Strong.

New York, Says "Third Avenoo," Is Still the Biggest Hick Town in the United States.

The Luncheon Crowd Falls for a New One.

THE OLD-TIME LUMBERJACK PASSES

His Successor Is a Timber Mechanic Who Sometimes Has a Degree

By JAMES STEVENS

THE Southwest has immortalized the cowboy in a heroic bronze statue; in the famous old sawmill town of Bangor, Me., a marble statue commemorates the courage and hardihood of the New England lumberjack; and now the Pacific Northwest proposes to erect a similar memorial in honor of the woodsmen of America's last timberlands.

Funds are already being collected for the statue, which will be a heroic figure of a lumberjack, with his hands grasping a double-bitted axe, his arms and body ready for the chopper's swing. It will stand on the State Capitol grounds at Olympia, Wash., only a few miles from the nation's greatest surviving forest, a body of cedar, hemlock and Douglas fir 200 miles long and 50 miles wide. Here the lumberjack's job is as important as it once was in "the North woods"—the pineries of Minnesota, the Lake States and Maine. Here he is still a figure of heroic labor, but a vastly different one from the riverman of the Penobscot and the Menominee. There is a story in the change.

The old-time lumberjacks of the North woods went to camp in Autumn. The camp was always a small group of log shanties. Sawyers and choppers felled trees twelve hours a day. Salt pork and sourdough bread were the chief foods on the split log tables of the cook shanty. Isolated in the dark woods all through the Autumn and Winter, a camp of lumberjacks would fall into the ways of tribal life. For amusement they invented legends and ballads. The camp foreman, "the bull of the woods," was their tribal chieftain.

The tote-sled teamster drove in with supplies after the first snow. Then came the logging-sled teamsters and the sprinkler sleds. The roads from the woods to the river landings were sprinkled on freezing nights until they wore a heavy sheathing of ice. Then the sledding—"sleighing" it was called in the Lake States—began.

Most of the logs were so small in diameter that from a score to a hundred could be loaded on one sled. No stage driver of the old Overland Trail lived half so precarious a life as the sled teamster of the old-time logging camp. There was always the danger of a binder chain breaking as the sled glided over its icy path and then the teamster would be crushed in the mass of tumbling logs. A horse might fall as the sled plunged down a short slope, throwing the massive, top-heavy load out against a tree or a stump and overturning it. But the sharpest danger was on the hills.

Heroes of the Sublime

On a hill the snubline was used. It was a heavy rope considerably longer than the stretch of road down the hill. The sled was brought to a stop, the rope made fast and then coiled four or more times around a large stump. Four men could then slowly slacken the rope until the load of logs was eased down the hill. The experienced sled teamster could "feel" the strain on the snubline as he sat astraddle the top log and steered his team. And this "feel" always told him when the strands began to break, one by one—a common occurrence. That lumberjack teamster was not the man to leap in panic at such a time. He would attempt to swing the load off the ice and save his horses. Many a shanty boy went heroically to death with his horses when the snubline parted. And many a one, of course, drove season after season without an accident.

At the river landings the logs were piled all through the Winter chopping and sledding; in the Spring they were tumbled down the rollways and boomed in the river, and at high water the drive would begin. Behind the drifting logs, pike-poled from eddies, steered into the main current by burly, red-shirted, singing rivermen, boatmen poled flat-bottomed craft loaded with supplies. Many rivermen boasted that they were "white-water bullies," but on most of the streams there were rapids which made even these heroes take to the boats.

In the rapids occurred the great log jams of story and song. Let one log lodge against a rock, and others would instantly pile around and over it. In a short while the jam would spread to some spot where the rivermen could reach the logs. Jam-breaking was risky work, and it was usually left to the camp foreman and a daredevil volunteer or so.

At the sawmill towns the logs were boomed again, so that each owner could sort out his brands and drive them to the log pond of his sawmill. The sawing season lasted through Summer and Autumn. The lumberjacks "blowed in" at the saloons, and then went into debt to the timber owners for living money until it was time to toil their way to the woods again.

Shanty Boys of Other Days

Now those companies of bearded, hard-boiled, swaggering, devil-may-care shanty boys are about forgotten. It's a long memory to the time when Bangor was America's greatest sawmill city. And it was long ago when a mountain of edgings and sawdust was the most imposing feature of Saginaw. Even in Minnesota the pine is about gone, and the lumbermen of that State have bought vast stands of timber in the West. And the largest manufacturers of pine lumber in the South have moved their main operations to California and Washington. In this last State they have built the "biggest" sawmill. It produces half a million feet of Douglas fir lumber every eight hours its headsaws run.

In a very few years American lumbering will mean exactly what is practiced in the felling of trees, the moving of sawlogs to the mills and the manufacture of wood products, in the Pacific Northwest. Lumbering in that region has necessarily been a development that differs greatly from lumbering in the old pine regions. It is this necessity which has changed the red-shirted lumberjack into a skilled mechanic of the woods.

The Skid Was Developed

Sled logging and river driving were impossible from the first in the Douglas fir forests of the Pacific Slope. Enormous trees towered on steep mountain sides. There was little freezing weather in the Winter and snow fell heavily only in January. Winter was a long season of rain. That made sled logging impossible, even if the huge logs of Douglas fir could have been loaded on sleds. So the skid road was developed.

A road was graded to the river landing and small logs were imbedded in its surface. Down this skid road the great logs were dragged by ox teams, and for many years the "bullwhacker" who could handle twenty yokes of "bulls" was the hero of the woods. But, as larger sawmills were built and the timber was cut away from bottomlands and slopes near the water, it was foreseen that another method of logging would have to be developed.

Mechanical engineers tackled the problem. They devised a donkey engine that would have the power and sturdiness to skid big timbers and move itself over the rough lands of the Douglas fir forests. A donkey engine in its simplest construction is a pair of cylinders and a boiler mounted on the same frame and driving through a simple train of gears two drums, one drum being a slow, heavy-pulling one for hauling in the loads; the other a high-speed drum which will quickly return the line and sling for another load. To this simple double-drum donkey modern developments have added additional drums for auxiliary purposes. Nowadays machines are being built with as many as five or six drums on one frame.

The first "donkey logging" developed what is called "the ground-lead system." The two-drum donkey meets its requirements. The log is dragged in directly upon the ground. The "choker" cable is released from it and the high-speed drum, turning the "haulback" cable, speeds the rigging and main line back to the woods. Haulback and main line thus simply swing around a circle, through blocks attached to stumps and trees, and close to the ground.

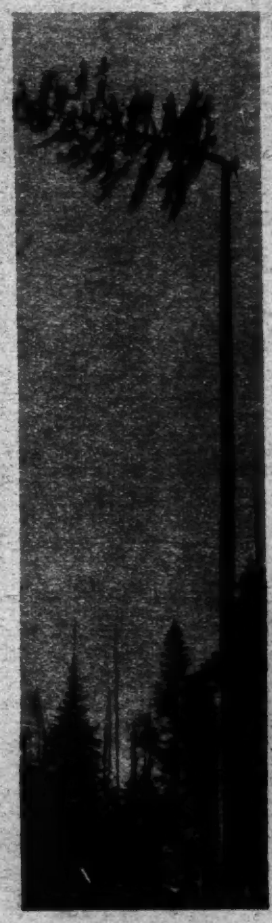
Something better than the ground-lead system was necessary. Its difficulties and its dangers were the same as those of previous methods. No matter how carefully roads were cleared by the swamper's ax, no matter how much like a sled runner the sniper hewed the end of a big log, it would nose into roots, rocks and stumps and hang up; a chaser might get his ribs cracked by the whirling end of a snapped line before he could signal the whistle boy, and yarding was continually on the halt.

"High-lead logging" was the next important development in American lumbering. In this system the transformation of the lumberjack into a skilled timber mechanic has been completed. Only the labor of felling and bucking is performed with the tools and the methods of yesterday.

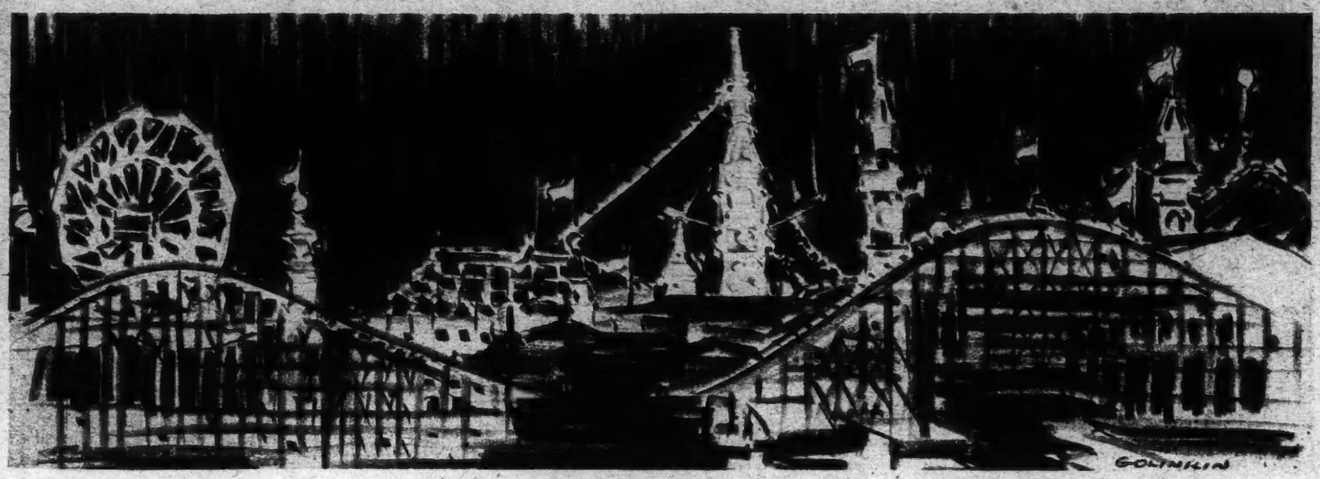
A logging railroad—standard gauge—has been built into the new area to be logged off, and the donkey engines, following the fellers, are sledded by their own power to the "settings" along the railroad. At each new setting the "high rigger" is the first timber mechanic on the job. Certain big trees have been

(Continued on Page 21)

What the Country Looks Like After the Lumbermen Have Passed.



The First Job of the High Rigger Is to Trim and Top the Spar Tree.



"The Modern Coney Is a Maze of Rides and Devices."

PLEASURE PARKS CHANGE THEIR THRILLS

Mechanical Devices That Began With the Chicago Fair Have Revolutionized the Public Taste for Amusement

By EDWARD H. SMITH

WHEN Labor Day comes round again twenty-five or thirty million Americans will have paid two hundred million admission fees to the Summer or amusement parks of the country and spent more than twice that many millions of dollars on such hot-weather pleasures as these houses of bright folly provide. These figures come from veterans in the outdoor amusement business. Besides, one glance at the crowds that beleaguer Coney's radiant isle any sunny Sunday will discourage doubts of them.

To one no longer in his first youth, who knew the amusement park of old, one thought overrides all others—the great and strange mutation that has been wrought in these blithe institutions. A little progress, a little shift of scene, a war, a famine, the coming of a few strangers, and habits and ideas change. Just so with the amusements provided by our Coney Islands, White Cities, Sans Soucis and the like, all across this land.

What was mirthful pleasure a generation ago — in 1891 or 1892, let us say—is no longer either hilarious or profitable. Almost nothing that was vital then survives without alterations and modifications. Even the bright steeds and towering ostriches of the secular carousel have had to be given new colors and postures and designs. The very voices of the barkers have changed and their methods have been invaded by the psychologies of Vienna and Zurich and Harvard.

Any showman will tell you that the outdoor show business as we know it today rose from the Midway Plaisance at the Chicago Fair, with its Ferris Wheel, its Scenic Railway, its other "gravity rides," and the congregation of wonders and deceptions. There had been some mechanical amusement features before 1893, notably the merry-go-round or carousel—long used in Europe—which is still the biggest money getter in any carnival site; the bread and butter of the park, as the grifter puts it.

But it was after the Chicago Fair that resorts of the modern type were built. The novel thrill mechanisms were taken down and removed to permanent locations in various parks. Here they continued to attract crowds, with the result that other amusement places began to duplicate, improve and vary these rides. Inventors, of whom the late L. A. Thompson was the most conspicuous, devoted many years to the creation of a flow of novelties in this line, and their devices stand all over the country, wherever there are pleasure parks and the people go to be whisked through the air, heart in mouth.

It is the park that existed before 1893, the park of our fathers, that offers strong evidence of metamorphosis. I asked a veteran follower of the park, a grifter, gambler, amusement barker, prestidigitator and master of a hundred tricks and fancies, what had happened. He had been at Coney Island from time to time since the '80s of the last centuries, had pitched his joint in every amusement park in the country and knew all the ropes.

"In them days," he told me, "when a feller started for Coney Island with fifty dollars, let's suppose, the first thing he did was to buy a return ticket. That is, if he was wise at all. He knew nobody ever got away from that place with a nickel left in his jeans. How'd they get it from you? Say! They'd kill a man for a ten-dollar note. Many a one was knocked off for a few dollars. But today when you go to Coney with fifty you come back with forty of it, or forty-nine, if you want to. That's the difference in a few words, and it goes for every park in the country."

The Old Coney Island

The old grifter and some of his younger brethren sat down at a table in the corner of the clubhouse and proceeded to reconstruct the old Coney Island, while the organ or the merry-go-round whined outside, the band blared, the steam calliope tooted and the crowds went back and forth, babbling and murmuring.

Thirty years ago the chief amusements at Coney were the concert halls. There was the Sea Beach Palace, a huge wooden place, where the reigning variety stars played, fresh from Tony Pastor's uptown. There was Stratton & Henderson's hall on the well-remembered Henderson's Walk. There were Connor's and the unforgotten Inman's, the latter a concert hall with a burlesque show. Steeplechase Park was then only a dance hall at the far end of the Boardwalk, with a small Wild West show outside. Stauch's dance hall, which still remains in a new building, was then advertised as the largest in the world."

Some of these concert halls were of the superior caste and patronized by the more respectable elements of Coney's clientele. The average place, however, was patterned after the halls and dumps of the old Bowery—rough, ready and dangerous. No admittance was charged, but all who came were expected to order beer and other drinks. Here the famous Coney Island cuff beer originated, a glass with five inches of foam and one inch of beer. A huge bouncer patrolled the place and roughly ejected any who violated the loose rules of decorum.

Ranged along the sides and across the back of this place was a series of curtained booths, where the preferred guests might sit and watch the show. The first part of this entertainment was what is termed an olio or minstrel ensemble. Its chief attractiveness centred in eighty or more chorus girls, dressed in the tights and spangles of "burlicue." As soon as the olio had been performed this large company of women was required to come down into the hall and sit at the tables with the guests. Every girl hustled to sell drinks, and received brass checks for every dollar that was expended in her company. Afterward she turned in these checks and was paid one-fourth of their total.

Wine flowed in an unending stream at all the tables. Pocket picking and jewelry thieving were common and bloody fights more numerous still. An ordinary honky-tonk, neither more nor less, yet it drew the bulk of Coney's patronage thirty-five years ago.

The attitude of the police must cause some wonderment in modern minds. My informants reminded me, when I raised the point, that the notorious John Y. McKane was then the Chief of Police and czar of the island, which had not, to be sure, been incorporated with the City of New York. McKane was afterward indicted and sent to prison. Whatever business paid tribute under such an administration was not disturbed, and those who came to complain that they had been robbed or mistreated in the preferred resorts were ordered off the island by the police.

Wine, women and gambling were the three chief magnets of Coney Island and all other amusement resorts of its type. The basic instincts of men have not changed in thirty-odd years, and it is therefore disingenuous to pretend that amusement parks get along without the old appeal today. The change has happened in the public's taste and it has been brought about not so much by means of legislation and police regulation, though these have been the physical instruments, as by a general softening and elevation of the people's spirit.

Crowds still go to see burlesque shows and the amusement park public demands attractions of this general sort. But the old roughness and vulgarity have been denatured. Men and women still love to get something for nothing; therefore they want to gamble, but the open flagrancy of the old games has been suppressed. And whether or not the crowd likes drink as much as ever it is certain that prohibition has no more ardent admirers than the men who operate the games and booths at the amusement parks.

These men are actuated by two

(Continued on Page 19)

"The Average Coney Island Place of Thirty Years Ago Was a 'Honky-Tonk.'"

TRUE MARRIAGE HAS COME TO FREE YOUNG JAPAN

Old Loveless "Arranged" Match Has Been Discarded, Along With the Mother-in-Law Nightmare

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

SOME five years ago the Non-Marriage Alliance played the brass band to the pageant of the New Order of Things in Nippon. It was led by such flaming spirits as Mme. Hiratsuka Raicho and her sisters, the New Women of Japan. They made their battle cry, "Emancipation from the bondage of matrimony," ring from Hokkaido to Kagoshima.

Early in 1921 the alliance staged a drama in the august Imperial Diet building and made its historic gesture. It was considered sensational, even shocking, at the time. The women presented a petition to the Imperial Diet, then in session, asking that marriage to men suffering from certain diseases and possessing character defects be forbidden.

The women of the Non-Marriage Alliance spoke freely of "bondage" and of "emancipation." Bondage and emancipation are rather emphatic words anywhere; they were especially so in the ears of Nippon, accustomed to polite and subdued phrases. But these leaders knew what they were talking about; they knew that they were simply making uncolored statements of facts—common, everyday, ever-present facts.

Marriage for Japanese women had been slavery. It was slavery then. They knew it. Most of them knew it from personal experience. When they spoke of bondage and emancipation they knew they were not merely toying with rhetoric. The people who heard them knew also, and, more important still, even those who were entirely out of sympathy with this form of crusade knew that these women spoke only the truth.

It was some years after this first flare-up of the new woman crusaders that I visited Tokio. We sat one day—an old schoolmate and I—in a quaint little study overlooking a pocket-handkerchief landscape garden in the residential section called Aoyama. Our talk naturally drifted to the fashionable topic: the radical change in the ideas and attitude of the Japanese people (especially of our women) toward marriage.

"The trouble has been with our women folks right along," said my old friend. "They have been entirely too good to be true in this, as in so many other relations of life." In this he sounded as natural as life. He spoke like a spoiled male out of a hothouse paradise created by males for the exclusive benefit of males. He was blaming the women even in this matter of matrimonial slavery. And yet this egotist was conscious of something wrong—something of which his sex was guilty. That was more than any of his august male ancestors had felt.

In my wanderings up and down the empire, during my recent visit home, I found quite a number of Japanese men (although my old schoolmate insisted that they were about as rare as the stars in the dawning sky, when one remembered that there are more than 30,000,000 males in the country), who were suffering from a sort of ingrowing sense of shame regarding the basic relation of man and woman. One thing was certain: the members of the Non-Marriage Alliance were not hitting away at a vacuum.

The Life Betterment Union

The guilty conscience of the public on this vital question took definite form in the organization of the Life Betterment Union of Tokio. Men and women leaders in various spheres of life became actively identified with it. The scope of the organization was ambitious. As its name implies, the Life Betterment Union covered a greater field than marital relations alone. But marriage occupied by far the largest portion of attention and effort, for the reason that marriage cried for immediate action. Here is the union's platform on marriage:

"The certificates of health must be exchanged before marriage.

"To provide young people with opportunity to know each other under the guidance of their parents or other elderly people before their marriage.

"The expense of the wedding should not be more than one-third of the annual income of the bridegroom.

"The wedding ceremony should be performed at holy places (not at hotels).

"An announcement party should be held at the bridegroom's home, and those who are invited should be limited to the nearest relatives and very intimate friends."

There is nothing particularly exciting about these items in themselves; it is quite another story, however, when they are read against the background of the life conditions of our old-fashioned marriage. They are things that color these colorless demands of the Life Betterment Union's platform with pathos and eloquence.

Let us examine an old-fashioned Japanese marriage:

Young Taro Sakai has just celebrated his twenty-third birthday with modest ceremony. Are his thoughts turning gently to matrimony? Not his, no. But his father's, yes.

"Taro, now," this father says to this boy's mother, "should be thinking of family responsibility. He is of age."

"In all sooth, yes! An infant no longer," agrees the worthy spouse without hesitation.

Does the father speak to his son about this vital matter—much more the boy's business than the father's, according to enlightened American notions? Not at all. The father acts. He wastes precious little time in talking to "the unripe intelligence." The father goes forth to find an old and tried friend of the family's, a man with wide acquaintance and high social standing, and begs him to act as the "Nakodo." The Nakodo, a middleman, is a sublimation of a Talleyrand in diplomatic suavity and a reincarnation of Gotama Buddha rolled into one, for he must be the master of both forms of eloquence—speech and silence. This paragon, at the request of the father, seeks a maiden of grace who may prove a worthy partner for the son.

He is lucky enough to find her; happy enough, too, to find the girl's family favorably disposed toward the proposal. The Nakodo brings back the glad tidings to the father. As for the young man, he goes his manly way—that is to say, he remains merry and careless; professes entire innocent ignorance of all these kindly efforts in his behalf. Naturally enough, a thunderbolt hits him one fine morning. The father summons his boy to a little confidential chat. Yes, the young man has heard of gentle O-Toyo-san; has seen her once or twice, in fact.

Would the young man like to have a "mi-ai," a meet-and-look session, with her? It usually happens that the boy doesn't know any more about the maid than she does about him—another way of saying that neither knows enough about the other to be able to find any reason whatever for declining to meet. So the boy acquiesces, largely out of politeness and respect for his father's wishes. And the trap is sprung.

The "mi-ai" is arranged. It takes place at one of the beauty spots of Nippon, famous for its cherry blossoms, and on a day of happy omen. A thousand bows are exchanged, all correct, and most of them graceful; but no privacy is accorded the would-be lovers—none whatever. Kisses? About as remote from the minds of these young persons as are thoughts of homicide.

O-Toyo-san blushes, of course, as a maid of 20 should; but her emotions are entirely centred in facing the trying business as a deadly question of duty—duty to her family, to tradition, to society, to the race. Love? Love is as far from her as are the siren songs of chocolate bonbon advertisements.

As for our young hero, he does not see much even of that rosy flush on the maiden's cheeks. As a general thing, he is entirely too busy with his own hands and feet, with the correct ceremonial phrasings of his salutations. He is principally concerned with the impression he is making on the Nakodo. He knows she is not looking at him. Why worry about her? And in all of this he is eminently correct. The meet-and-look session lasts an hour or two.

Little to Worry About

Only a very gifted prophet can read the mysteries of a strange human heart in that space of time. But it doesn't matter. What is there, actually, in the simple and innocent lives of Taro and O-Toyo to read?

So far, then, all the real, serious work—such as looking into the health conditions and hereditary tendencies, financial abilities and standings, and so on—has been done by the Nakodo and the parents of the two high contracting parties. The leading lady and the hero of the drama have had little to worry about. Compare this happy state of things with the innumerable sleepless nights of American lovers.

If the "mi-ai" turns out satisfactorily, the traditional exchange of gifts, called "yui-no," takes place. The "yui-no" is the Japanese

(Continued on Page 22)

A Japanese Bridal Procession. The Length of It Determines the Wealth and Social Standing of the Families.

The Bride and Bridegroom Taking Their Marriage Oaths Before the Altar.

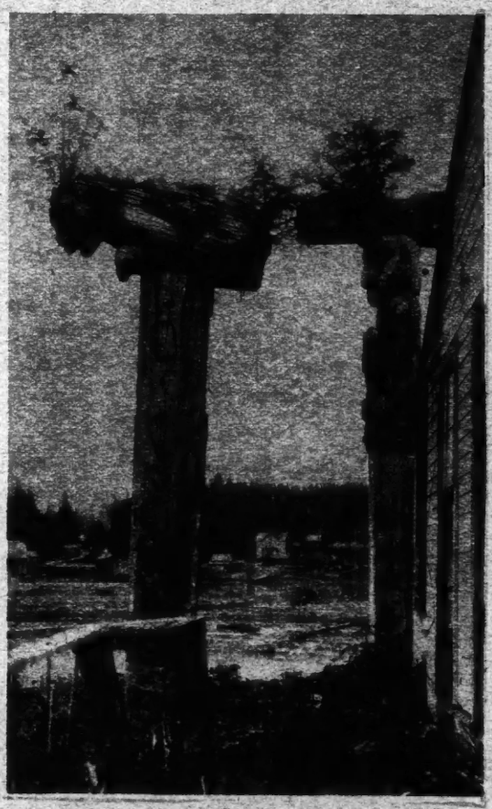
Photos From Adachi.

TOTEM POLES ARE NOW TO BE GUARDED

Collectors Have Played Havoc in Canada With These Symbols of Indian History and Primitive Art

Left—
Totem Poles Have a Weird Significance.

Photographs Courtesy Canadian National Railways.



Right—
The Top Figures Represent the Heads of Bears, Which, According to Legend, Helped Harried Indians to a Place of Safety.

By FRANCES D. McMULLEN

GAUNT, often grotesque, yet strangely impressive, the totem poles of British Columbia turn their faces—bird, beast or human—to the cloud-trimmed mountains, which alone remain unaltered. Once the carven symbols were as thick as the habitations of men on the North Pacific coast. Now a lone weatherbeaten sentinel may stand guard before a modern two-story frame house, or a straggling row of them may lift their crests high above humble village shacks.

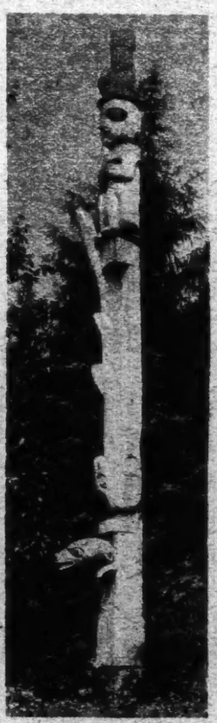
Some of the survivors lean at a rakish angle unbecoming their dignity. Makeshift supports hold others in place. Still others have yielded to the elements and lie prostrate. Hundreds have been carried away. The eagerness of museum agents and collectors proved too much for the sentiment of the Indians when they discovered in their carved cedar shafts an unexpected source of wealth.

To the Rescue of Totems

How many crossed the border into the United States it is impossible to estimate. American museums are well provided, and comparatively few poles are left on their original sites. In consequence, a protest has been raised in Canada. If the removals go on, it is said, totem poles in their natural setting will become extinct, thus depriving the regions that produce them not only of interesting examples of primitive art, but also of the picturesque symbols of their ancient lore.

Totem poles, it is pointed out, lose much of their significance when removed from their own villages and the houses of the families to which they belong. The Government has now taken the matter up and commissioned the Victoria Museum of Ottawa to see that British Columbia's totem poles are amply protected. Thanks to this step restoration work has begun, and everywhere a totem pole is repaired word is left that there it must remain.

The movement for the preservation of these relics of Indian culture has, however, come too late for the Queen Charlotte Islands. These islands were the scene of feverish building operations and totem making from about 1830 until 1880. Before then the Haida Indians were very poor. Only the chiefs could afford elaborate carvings. Others had to be content with bare poles boasting a single crest on top. When the Haidas started working for the white man, however, they saved their sailor wages and sent them home for the erection of houses and totem poles that would outdo their neighbors' best.



One of the Many Fine Totems Still in a Good State of Preservation.

But bad times came again and these marks of social ambition and pride became a veritable totem pole mine for the collector. This source is now all but exhausted, ancient poles of historic value with records of ice movements and floods having gone with the rest. On the Nass River and on the west coast of Vancouver Island a few totem poles remain. But, according to Duncan C. Scott, Deputy Superintendent General of the Department of Indian Affairs for Canada, scarcely more than twenty-five historic poles are left outside the Skeena River district, where some 120 are found. The white man's town of Hazleton, formerly the Indian village of Gitenmaks, is the centre of this region. In the town itself four poles still stand beside an old Indian council house. Sixty-odd others remain in the near-by villages of Kitwanga, Kispayaks and Gitsegyukla.

In the years since the white man came the Skeena River region has witnessed many changes. Until late in the last century it was exclusively the red man's domain. Then came the first large party of white men with the first horses and the first cattle these Indians had seen, to string the "talking wires" across Alaska, Bering Strait and Siberia. With the success of the new oceanic cable this venture came to an abrupt halt near the Skeena River in 1866. The white men went away, but only to return in droves a few years later for the Omineca gold rush of '71. The Skeena River rebellion followed, when, through the carelessness of stampeders, an Indian village was burned one night. Again in 1898 the peace of the picturesque valley was broken by an army of three thousand Klondikers treading the "poor man's trail."

But even before white man's pioneering came the upper Skeena saw history made. Tradition describes the neighborhood of Temlaham as a sort of Indian Garden of Eden, where salmon filled the traps every Spring and the birds of the air were so thick that a shot brought them down in heaps on one's hands. The people were happy and prosperous until the fateful snowfall dispersed the tribes. Then came warlike invaders from the coast who fell upon the "Mild People" and made this land their own. Through the years these happenings engendered myths and history that have found their illustration on the totem poles.

From Father to Son

These relics are the products of no ordinary whittler's hands. They are the art expression of men born to the task, for the craft of totem carving was passed down from father to son. Sometimes the making of a totem pole took a year. First the cedar had to be selected and felled by means of a fire at its base, so placed that the tree would fall in the right direction. Often as many as four carvers with crude implements worked on a single shaft, each doing his allotted space of carving and then together neatly dovetailing the units. Vegetable and mineral materials were then sought for pigments, and birds, beasts and human figures were stained in appropriate colors.

When the totem pole was finally erected in front of the owner's house it represented not only his own and his ancestors' experience and achievements, but also a vast amount of patience, energy and ingenuity—and no small financial investment, since the carver was held worthy of his hire.

The beginning of totemism is veiled in mystery and antiquity. When the first totem came into being and how, no one knows; some say it floated on the bosom of the sea. The young Indian on the verge of manhood customarily appeared before the medicine man and then withdrew to the forest for a period of solitary fasting. If vision came to him there, he selected his totem from the things he saw; or, lacking visions, he might choose that object upon which his glance fell as his period of solitude ended. Often the totem stood for some grave crisis in the life of the individual, or represented some strange adventure.

Whatever it was—animal, plant or natural phenomena—it afforded the means of direct contact with the spirit world existing all around. A certain mystic relationship was then established between the man and his totem, and between all men of the same totem. Ties of the totem, which by derivation means "his brother-sister kin," were even stronger than tribal ties; and thus became instrumental in promoting hospitality, peace and the spirit of brotherhood. Upon his totem pole a man was at liberty to have carved not only his personal totem but all the crests of his family line, as well as any symbol of his own valor or theirs.

Many of the Indians before whose homes family totem poles still stand look blank when asked what the carvings mean. But among the old men some may be found who have kept the traditions passed down the generations by word of mouth. They tell the story simply, often beauti-

(Continued on Page 23)

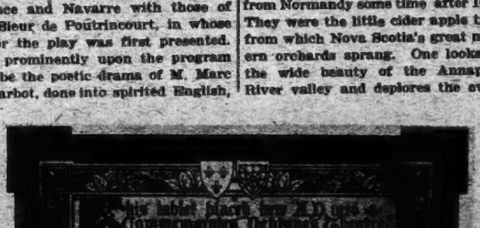
NOVA SCOTIA CELEBRATES PIONEER DRAMA

"Neptune's Theatre," Produced 320 Years Ago at Port Royal, Was First Play Given in North America

By CATHERINE MACKENZIE

THE birth of the drama in North America has its 320th anniversary tomorrow, and the Historical Association of Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, is celebrating it with due ceremony, under the guidance of L. M. Fortier, Honorary Curator of the old Fort Anne Museum. Annapolis Royal, renamed for good Queen Anne by the loyal New Englanders who besieged and captured it in 1710, was the Port Royal of the French, and the first European settlement on the continent north of the Gulf of Mexico.

At the commemoration of "Neptune's Theatre," first presented at Port Royal in 1606, the Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia and his lady will attend and receive, respectively, addresses of welcome and bouquets from the famous flower gardens of Annapolis. There will be the unveiling of a tablet, afterward to be placed in the museum at Fort Anne, having the lilies of old France entwined with the mayflowers of New Scotland, and the engraved arms of France and Navarre with those of the Sieur de Poutrincourt, in whose honor the play was first presented. And prominently upon the program will be the poetic drama of M. Marc Lescarbot, done into spirited English, and read by Harriette Taber Richardson of Cambridge, Mass.



The Memorial Tablet.

The little group of French gentlemen who had sailed under Champlain and the Sieur de Monts in exploring the North American coast, in the early years of the seventeenth century, later combined, under the Sieur de Poutrincourt, to establish at Port Royal the first French town on the continent. This was in 1604. They were the only Europeans in the unbroken stretch of American wilderness from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf of Mexico, and after 300 years they spring into astonishing life in the vigorous pages of young M. Lescarbot.

The Order of Good Cheer

Marc Lescarbot seems to have been the most versatile and energetic of the whole capable group, and his narratives of their gay companionship, in "l'Ordre de Bon Temps," have supplied Charles William Jeffreys, A. R. C. A., with the theme of one of his most engaging historical pictures, "The Order of Good Cheer," a drawing of which is in the museum at Fort Anne.

There the companions stayed one another not only with flagons but with song and feasting against the inaction and boredom of the long Winter. Their wide hearths roared with big birch logs; the friendly Indian chieftains squatted in their beaver skins and porcupine embroidery, and the pipe of peace went round as the jovial cups were drained. Each member of the order became in turn Grand Master for a day, assuming the badges and staff of office, and providing the banquet, as well as the entertainment, during his tenure.

One of Lescarbot's accounts describes a menu: "For our feasts we had abundance of game: Ducks, bustards, gray and white geese, partridges, larks and other birds; moreover moose, caribou, otter, bear, rabbits, wildcats (or leopards), nibachés (raccoon) and other animals, such as the savages caught, whereof we made dishes well worth those of the cook-shop in the Rue aux ours, and far more," &c. Beaver tail was esteemed a great delicacy.

Perhaps this was the first Rotary Club.

In the diverting episodes of the narratives, one does not lose sight, however, of the determined effort at colonization and agriculture which they made. The Sieur de Poutrincourt longed to establish himself permanently in the country and to bring his family and household from France to enjoy it. "The land," he said, "is level and the finest in the world."

Its fertility certainly provided crops to astonish the French king—if they also aroused the cupidity or rival favorites—and soil for the first apple trees in America, which were brought from Normandy some time after 1606. They were the little cider apple trees from which Nova Scotia's great modern orchards sprang. One looks on the wide beauty of the Annapolis River valley and deplores the evantual defeat of Poutrincourt's hopes. The settlement of Port Royal was two years old, in 1606, when "Neptune's Theatre," Lescarbot's most ambitious performance, was enacted. Poutrincourt had been absent on an expedition into the Armouchiquois country and much anxiety had been felt for his safety. The news of his near approach was heard with great rejoicing, and Lescarbot, indefatigable author-actor-manager, set about preparing a suitable welcome.

The Old Barracks Have Been Converted Into a Museum.

He is excessively modest about the enterprise in his own record. Their leader was coming home and, "I bethought me to go out to meet him with some jovial spectacle, and so we did. And since it was written in French rhymes, made hastily, I have placed it among the 'Muses of New France,' under the title of 'Neptune's Theatre,' to which I refer the reader."

Yet, "Le Théâtre de Neptune" was clearly no slight performance. There were ninete n principals and "sailors, Indians, trumpeters," besides, presenting a dramatic performance, as the script says, "upon the waves of Port Royal," an achievement appreciated best by those who have manoeuvred small boats, not to mention chariots drawn by Tritons, even on such friendly waves as those of the lovely basin of Annapolis.

Neptune, robed in "a veil of blue, with buskins, gray hair and beard worn long," trident in hand, drawn in his vari-colored chariot by six Tritons, greets Poutrincourt with sonorous acclaim for some sixty lines. Having finished, "a trumpet sounds loudly to encourage the Tritons," who hail the returning leader in Lescarbot's very creditable verse. "This done," says the old narrative, "Neptune withdraws a little to give place to a canoe, in which are four Indians, who approach, each bearing a present to Sieur de Poutrincourt."

Each has a speech composed for his presentation; the first, a choice quarter of moose meat; the second, some beaver skins; the third, "manachias," or porcupine quill embroidery, a scarf and bracelets fashiond by his lady love's slim brown fingers, a theme which provides Lescarbot with one of his happiest gestures. The fourth "sauvage," apparently, has been luckless in the chase, and is provided with the neatest of rhymed excuses, which he presents, harpoon in hand.

Never Missed a Cue

Poutrincourt seems to have caught the spirit of the party and entered into it with animation, drawing his sword at proper intervals, and replying to Neptune and the six Tritons and all the Indians in laudable sentiments and the most satisfactory rhyme. He might have been forgiven some slight impatience to land, considering his late hazards among the Armouchiquois, but he seems never to have missed a cue.

Finally Neptune's troupe broke into a four-part song, the words and music composed for the occasion. "The music finished," says the script, "the trumpets sounded again, the cannons broke forth on all sides and it seemed as though Proserpine were in birth-pangs for her child from the innumerable echoes sent back against one another from these hills."

The whole company attended Poutrincourt ashore, where the arms of France, laurel-wreathed, with the King's motto, "Duo protegit unus" (One Protects Two), were set up over the gates of the fort. Underneath, crowned with laurel wreaths, were the splendidly colored arms of De Monts, with the quotation, "To these toils also God shall give an end," and the arms of Poutrincourt, with the Latin, "To valour no path is pathless," which indicates that M. Lescarbot knew his Virgil no less than his Ovid. An astonishing young man. At this point his poetry takes on a robustness which Mrs. Richardson has conveyed admirably in:

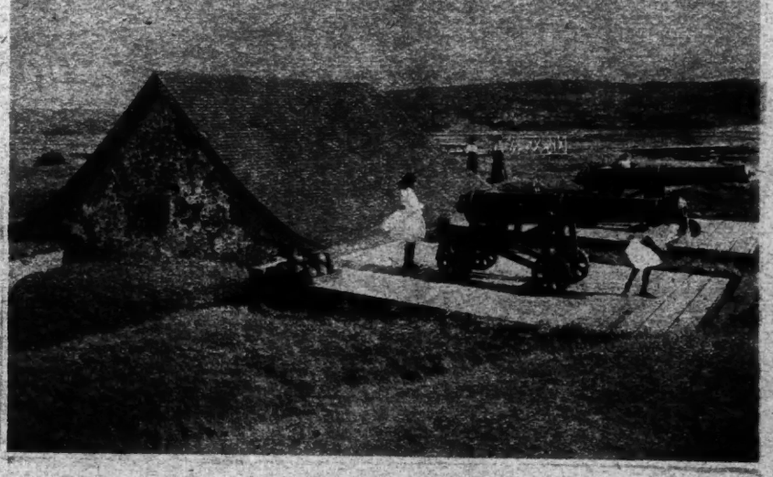
Come, then, chefs, cooks, and boys—
all you who make good cheer,
Scullions and pastry cooks, and you
who pull the beer—
Turn the kitchen upside down, and
every pot and pan,
And let his own half gallon be of-
fered every man.

One regrets the metrical necessity for beer—which was not in the Port Royal picture. However, these lines were spoken by the Gay Companion of the cast, Lescarbot, himself, who urges them to the waiting feast:

That never a frosty humor his per-
son may contain,
And only sweetest vapors may cloud
his merry brain.

"I ask the reader to pardon these rhymes," he concludes, "if they are not as well polished as a well-bred man would wish. They have been made in haste. But, nevertheless, I have a wish to insert them here because they serve as a part of our history, and to show that we lived joyously."

The sorrows of the Acadians, done into hexameters by Longfellow, have been scanned these fifty years by every American school-child, and his lovely and legendary heroine, Evangeline, has received the tearful tributes of countless tourists. But these first citizens of New France, courageous explorers, high-hearted companions, have—as Archibald MacMechan would say—"lacked their sacred poet." In this instance, however, Lescarbot has not lacked a capable translator. Mrs. Richardson has done the difficult task of rendering the French version into English and at the same time retaining the original meter.



Old Fort Ann at Annapolis Royal.

Photos From the Department of Natural Resources of Nova Scotia.

ODD FOLK INHABIT MAINE'S LONELY ISLES

Isolated, and Lacking Most of the Blessings of Civilization, They Seem to Be Content

The Loneliness of the Offshore Islands.

By ALFRED ELDEN.

BECAUSE of countless indentations the Maine coast line is about 2,500 miles in length, although it is not more than 250 as the crow flies. Along this seaboard lie 1,300 islands. A conservative estimate of the number of men, women and children who live out their lives on these wave-washed bits of terra firma is 20,000.

Most of the islands are too far from the mainland to be included within the bounds of organized church communities, yet are not sufficiently remote to attract the attention of a Doctor Grenfell. Their people, for the most part, are God-fearing, with an inherent if latent spark of religion smoldering within their breasts.

Time has filtered the iodides from the top soil of these wind-battered islands. Little that is good will grow there. Officials of the Maine Department of Agriculture have been asked to make experiments to find out the possibility of bettering these crop conditions.

Consider the lonely light station on Mount Desert Rock, twenty miles from Bar Harbor, out in the Atlantic. All the soil that can be found there has been transported from the mainland. Early last Summer a thoughtful fisherman in a large motor boat towed off a dory load of loam. In the crevices of crude little rockeries this precious dirt was distributed.

Fierce Gales Sweep Islands

Because of it gorgeous flowers relieved the gray stones of their somberness for a few fleeting weeks. Every Winter the fierce gales that sweep the diminutive island wash it clean again. If you plan a trip to Mount Desert Rock walk ashore with a pail of earth and the light keepers will receive you with open arms. It is the scarcest commodity there.

The male inhabitants of the isolated islands are fishermen first and last. Fishing is the only industry they are interested in—the only work they know anything about. If ravenous schools of dogfish prevent successful handling, trawling or gill netting, no matter; these fisher folk sit down and await better luck.

One day last Summer a mainland visitor on one of these offshore islands approached a stalwart lobsterman in such a situation.

"Now, look here, Cap'n Jim," he pleaded, "there's a field with plenty of good hay for the cutting. You can't go lobstering for a week or two anyway. The 'dogs' won't let you handline, net or trawl fish. I am going to the mainland this afternoon and I will send you off a scythe by one of the fishermen coming back, and I want you to use it. The money from that grass will pay the fuel expenses of your motor boat all next Winter."

Captain Jim protested that he was a fisherman, not a farmer, but agreed to do his "ding bustingest," so the visitor left hopeful of results. Having promptly sent a scythe and whetstone as he had promised, he waited a week and then visited the island again to see what sort of a haymaker the lobsterman had proved to be. Much to his disappointment he found the grass still waving in the gentle breezes of July, while Captain Jim was sitting in the doorway of his humble cottage home, smoking a blackened corncob and gazing complacently at the sea.

"'Twan't no use," he explained rather sheepishly. "I couldn't git th' hang o' th' thing. Bust th' cutter a'most afore I'd made a set. Twan't hung right. Durned blade teched bottom ev'ry time I swinged her!"

One of the problems of these islands of isolation is that of the wanderers, the nomads of the coast. From time immemorial islands and obscure nooks have lured shiftless mortals whose ambitions impel them to nothing more strenuous than securing food and shelter.

Places that, for the taking offer clams, lobsters and fish, where a diet of seafood may be supplemented by what few vegetables a small garden patch will afford; locales where some old, deserted hut may be utilized as a home free of rental, have a lure for a certain type of indolent human beings.

That many undesirables of the cities do seek to lose themselves in some of the countless coverts of the coast is undeniable. They come to the islands with nothing but the clothes on their backs and a few crude cooking utensils. Frequently they have large families that they crowd into some shack, abandoned camp or fish house, and dwell there in squalor.

Occasionally they may work at baiting trawl, cleaning fish or digging clams, should there be a demand for such service. Most of the time, however, they just set a few rough lobster traps, or handline a little—enough to keep from starving—and smoke and sleep.

If illness or misfortune overtakes them they must either call on others for assistance or else perish of cold and hunger. The big-hearted fisher folk never fail to help these wanderers, these fly-by-nights of the coast, though in every way the people helped are irresponsible and are often bad neighbors.

It seems almost unbelievable, yet it is true, that on many of the little known islands of the Maine coast there are persons who seldom have stepped foot on the mainland. They simply live out their lives in their primitive environment. Before the advent of the motor boat, a quarter of a century ago, there were many such persons. Now that gasoline engines have almost wholly replaced sails on the small craft of the coast a voyage to the mainland is less formidable an undertaking than of old.

A seventeen-year-old girl from Great Cranberry Island made her first trip to the mainland when it became necessary to take her to a Bar Harbor hospital for a slight operation. Upon recovery she was shown through the shops of Maine's fashionable seashore resort. Although mildly interested, she was not nearly so impressed by the wares displayed as by the clothes the young women did not wear, and by the ornateness of limousine and livery.

"Do rich girls all cut their hair short?" she asked of her guide.

"Well, most of them, I guess."

"An' drive in shiny automobiles an' wear dresses like them?"

"Yes, dear," was the reply, "aren't they beautiful?"

The girl hesitated.

"Y-e-e-e-s, I guess they're pretty enough, but I'd ruther have my new gingham an' Pa's lobster boat."

* * *

The inhabitants of this offshore world have plenty of sterling qualities, but picture, if you can, what ten generations of life apart might do for any people! The three dark clouds on the offshore island horizon are these—Isolation, Intermarriage, Malnutrition.

Marriages are solemnized between boys and girls very young and families are large. Tuberculosis is prevalent. Island people do not get sufficient bone-making food. Daily diet includes much fish, potatoes, bread and molasses. Pork is about the only meat they have. Hot cream-of-tartar biscuits three times a day are a characteristic of their menu. They need fresh vegetables and fruits.

At Crowley's Island on the eastern coast physicians were puzzled to find children growing up without teeth. Lack of proper attendance and care at birth is resulting in many malformed boys and girls. A woman worker among the island folk told me of an epidemic at Head Harbor Island which well illustrates the loneliness of these isolated communities.

"Apparently everything was going nicely at this point," she said, "when, without warning, the worst and most virulent wave of influenza I have ever seen swept the island. I saw a strong, rugged boy come staggering out of the schoolhouse. 'Better go right home, Johnny,' I advised. He looked at me piteously. 'I can't, ma'am.' Then he collapsed. Inside of a day twenty-five persons were helpless.

She's a "Fur-Before"

A dainty young city woman, pretty and vivacious, short of skirt and of hair, made a trip with this same coast worker off to a settlement in Little Kennebec Bay and was delighted with all she saw. Among others to whom they paid their respects was venerable Uncle Billy Sterling. He greeted the worker cordially. Here was an old friend. To her he could talk, for she understood him.

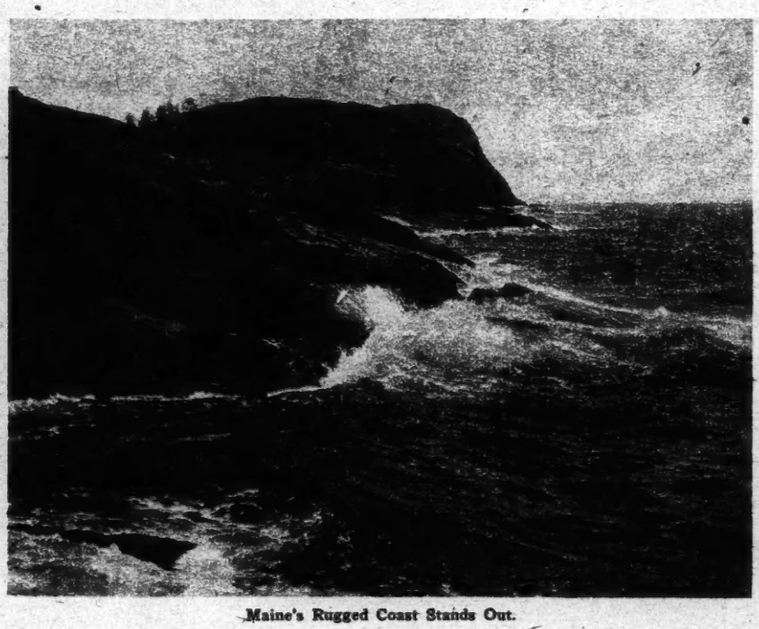
When the young city miss attempted to exchange airy persiflage with Uncle Billy, however, it was another thing. After a few moments both were visibly embarrassed. Anxious not to injure his feelings, the metropolitan maid whispered to the worker:

"Tell me when Uncle Billy says anything I ought to answer. I can't make his dialect to save me!"

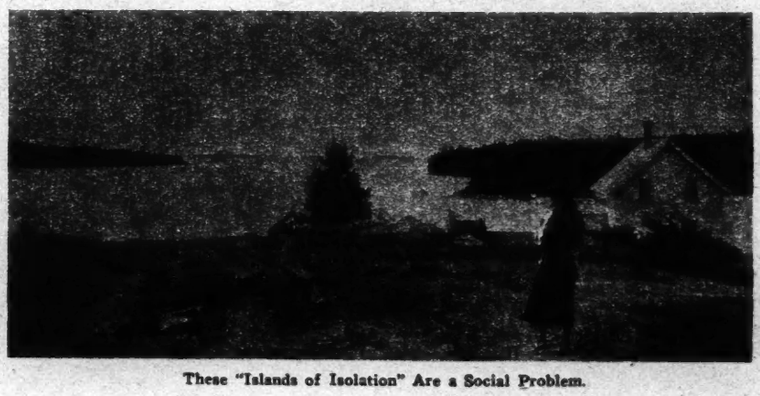
In a few minutes the old man got a chance for his "aside"

"Say, ma'am," he exclaimed guardedly, "now ain't she a fur-before!" He meant far ahead or advanced. "If that leetle snapper says anythin' to me that I don't jest sense, you sort o' explain it, will ye? I can't figger out more'n half her lingo!"

He is a sincere Christian and prays for forgiveness when he finds himself slipping back into pre-pious days of more expressive vocabulary. Despite his age Uncle Jonas is a prodigious worker, living alone in a little camp where he "backs out" all his firewood from a distant wood lot. He whiles away his spare moments writing poetry!



Maine's Rugged Coast Stands Out.



These "Islands of Isolation" Are a Social Problem.

REPUBLICAN FRANCE STILL HAS QUEENS

Nation Pays Homage To the Royal Ladies Of the Trades and The Cities

A Bevy of French Queens. Each Represents the Popular Choice of a Community.

© Times Wide World.

By BECKLES WILLSON

CHOOSING a queen of beauty at a village fair, as has been done in all countries and all ages, is a simple business compared with the election of the sovereign lady of the municipal telephone service or of the steno-dactylos, as the typewriting girls are known in France. Yet one can imagine a Parisian damsel experiencing the same proud fluttering of heart as Tennyson's heroine, as she enjoins her parent to

** * * call me early, call me early, mother, dear,*
For I'm to be Queen of the XVIth Arrondissement,

or any of the other twenty municipal divisions of Paris. Much prouder, in fact; for now, unlike her predecessors, she is to be queen not for a day or a month, but for a whole year.

It is a curious phenomenon now, not only in the capital but in all parts of republican France, this growing passion among the proletariat for the titles and trappings of royalty. Twenty years ago the custom was practically confined to the blanchisseuses and to the season of carnival. Yet the bosoms of the fair in other vocations, particularly the milliners, the dressmakers and the salesgirls, had long harbored a grievance. These also yearned for a throne and for the fierce white light of publicity which beats about it. They also wished for a chance at least to meet the plaudits of the crowd, to carry a sceptre, ride in a carriage and four, surrounded by their maids of honor, and to commit once a year that most audacious, thrilling and spectacular condescension—a call on the President of the Republic in his Palace of Elysium.

Why, it was argued, should all this glory go to the blanchisseuses? Another thing, if queens were a popular institution, there were throughout France far too few of them and their reign was too brief. What was the good of being a queen at all if it was only for Mardi Gras and Mi-carême?

Wherefore an agitation began; many refused to join in the popular homage of the sovereign of the fête gins of laundry interests, who, it was openly charged, were far better judges of starch and soapsuds than of feminine perfection.

Thus it happened that the recalcitrants met and boldly broke away from tradition, and Mlle. Bastien was forthwith chosen queen of that particular arrondissement. Other arrondissements followed suit until, aided and abetted by such popular newspapers as Le Journal and Le Petit Parisien, every quarter in Paris had its separate queen.

A Terrible Revenge

It was a terrible blow for the blanchisseuses, and they took terrible revenge: it is said that the linen of Paris suffered that year as never before.

Paris at large, meanwhile, took all these proceedings complacently. Although accustomed to the downfall of régimes, these always furnish an agreeable excitement. True, there

The Queen of France.

The Queen of the Third Arrondissement.

traditionally chosen by the laundresses; in short, the girls of other vocations sulked.

And then in 1908 a crisis arose. In one of the Paris arrondissements, where local feeling was strong, was a laundry damsel so beautiful, so graceful, so regal, that the poets of the Buttes Chaumont and Menilmontant were at her feet. And yet—can it be believed?—this paragon failed to be elected by the foolish virarose ill-conditioned levelers who objected to all the fuss made in the newspapers about all these "royal" ladies, suggesting that it fostered an anti-republican spirit. A Deputy had the hardihood to propose calling them "nymphs." But who ever heard of a nymph with a crown on her head, sitting on a throne and wearing an elaborate robe fabricated by the royal dressmaker? The idea was absurd.

Others grumbled that, judging by their pictures in the press, the twenty-two queens were no more beautiful than they ought to be, and that Parisians in search of female loveliness had better stick to the Anglo-American choruses in the music halls.

But despite all such criticisms the new queens themselves reveled in the admiration they excited, in their honors and in the brand-new functions which they were called upon to perform. Vast crowds cheered them as their ancestors had cheered the youthful Marie Antoinette and others in a more fortunate succession of legitimate princesses.

Queens might be over-plentiful, but at any rate, commented M. Clement Vautel, they were at least as authentic and desirable as the "kings" who figured so prominently in a certain other republic.

The regal idea spread—as every Paris idea spreads—to the Provinces. There were queens of the cities and also queens of Brittany and Normandy and Alsace and Provence, until a year ago all the whole college of queens met and raised one of their number to the lofty and dazzling position of queen of France. This election has not yet been formally ratified, but in the meantime, however the fond hopes of the Bourbonists and Bonapartists may be frustrated, let not the defenders of the monarchical idea be altogether cast down—there again looms on the horizon a queen of France.

Last year an influential jury met at the Grand Palais to select a supreme flower from all this array of regional beauty to be the queen of queens. This jury, presided over by General Mariaux, Governor of the Invalides, numbered thirty persons—historians, poets, painters and sculptors among them. It was a trying moment — fifty candidates were ranged before them. Their choice finally fell upon Mlle. Adeline Basso, who, although Queen of Marseilles, is in private life a saleswoman in the Marseilles fish market.

The decision was received with loud applause and the radiant queen, accompanied by her maids of honor and attendant royalties, moved on to a stately banquet in the Champs Elysées, at which many speeches were uttered in her praise, among others one by a rich and powerful Indian Prince, the Maharajah of Ka-

The Queen of the Sixth Arrondissement.

purthala. Later followed the solemn coronation of the queen of queens in the Gardens of the Tuileries, a highly spectacular affair, somewhat marred, alas, by showery weather.

And now for a secret. Behind all this zeal and apparent spontaneity there is, perhaps you will have guessed, a Man. Not only is there a man who in his own way and degree is a Queen maker of modern France as the medieval Warwick was a King maker in England, but he has behind him an influential organization of men called the Comité des Fêtes. This organization owes its foundation in 1921 to an enterprising and affluent Paris butcher, M. Sabatier. He belongs to a splendid type, M. Sabatier—a big man, physically and mentally, with big ideas.

Queens Are Defended

"I know," he confides, "that in America every woman is naturally a queen. But her sovereignty isn't always acknowledged by the other women. And even where one woman has a vast circle of subjects she can't feel that she is a sovereign in her kingdom without the trappings and panoply of rank. A man may be able to dispense with such things, but not a woman.

"And think of the good that this sort of royalty has already done—not only in giving spectacular pleasure to millions, but in inspiring them with fresh ideas of beauty, grace and deportment. Then, look at the effect on the ladies themselves. After a year's wearing of the crown and receiving general homage, do you think they can ever be the same? Not at all. Royauté oblige. Our ex-queens not only make excellent marriages, but they continue to be dignified, they continue to set an example to their entourage. Both to have been a queen and to have the chance of becoming a queen is to enlarge the horison of a working girl's happiness."

It may be asked, what does a queen do? What are her constitutional functions and privileges? In Paris the queens are much in demand on occasions of popular festivity and at charity bazars and entertainments, where they condescend to sell programs, often realizing considerable sums for the funds concerned. If she is a queen of queens she is dowered with an income provided by the Comité des Fêtes, which enables her to undertake an occasional royal pilgrimage. She pays state visits to her subjects in the provinces. Thus, last year when Mlle. Adeline Basso came to Biarritz the Prince of Wales himself gallantly offered the queen of queens his royal homage.

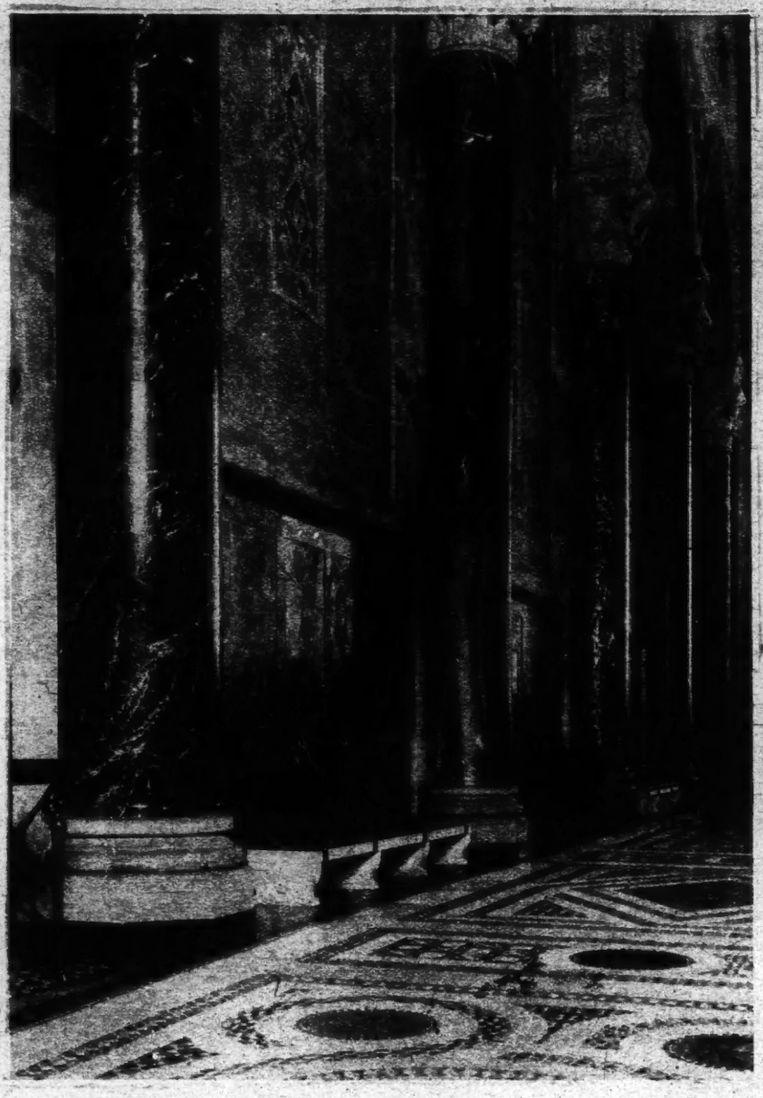
And even a more substantial perquisite of royalty is that many of the leading dressmakers vie with one another in furnishing the royal wardrobe free of cost, so that the queens are as exquisitely attired as most ladies of blood-royal in Europe. She also receives her gloves, her bouquets and her bonbons free. Is it any wonder that new queendoms are constantly arising, and new thrones are being set up? There are new Reines de la Bonneterie, queens of perfumery, queens of the boot and shoe trade, queens of the florists, besides numerous others, including the charming Mlle. Yvonne Delacroix, queen of journalism.

Moreover, a year or two back, the idea occurred to some enthusiastic altruist to convert the foreign communities of Paris into queendoms. A beginning was made with the Russian colony and Mlle. Popoff was forthwith elected queen, although objection was offered that the beautiful Mlle. Legoff was already queen of the Sixth Arrondissement.

In September there will be a notable concourse of queens at Vichy, when out of nearly two hundred candidates will be chosen not simply a queen of queens, but a queen of France for the coming year. The occasion promises to be memorable.

ART AND UTILITY ARE COMBINED ANEW

The Artist, Who Deserted the World of Commerce at the Coming of the Machine Age, Is Now Being Drawn Back to the Task of Adding Beauty to Useful Things—Results of Their Work



Marble Pillars and Mosaics Give a Monumental and Rich Effect to the Bowery Savings Bank.
York and Sawyer Architects.

By H. I. BROCK

ARTISTS did not begin by being the masters of the public. In Egypt, in Greece, in Rome and in the Middle Ages it was their job to serve the State, religion and the home—to make beautiful capitols, temples, churches, palaces. Even the old masters were masters of their art, and nothing else, unless it was their schools of apprentices. It is only in our time that temples called museums are built for artists and that artists have put on the airs of persons who have no traffic with the common affairs of life, no concern except to make things which have nothing to do with anything but Art with a big A.

Since there is no place for these things in life as it is lived, a place must be created for them. Museums, of course, had their reasonable origin in the desire to find asylum for the beautiful things of the elder artists which had lost their place in life with the passing of time but seemed for their own sake things without which the world would be the poorer. Thus, naturally, do old things, their service part, arrive at being museum pieces.

But modern artists have set out to make museum pieces of things which have served no purpose and never will serve any except to be museum pieces. They had even got around to believing that only the making of museum pieces quite comported with the high calling of Artist—with a capital A. Even portrait-painting was subtly classified as an inferior "applied art"—in spite or because of John Sargent. Illustrators were regarded with open scorn in spite of Rowlandson and Daumier. The very architect's title to admission tickets to the holy of holies was clouded.

That was the state of mind a couple of decades ago, and it is a state of mind which still holds with many.

Victorian Bad Taste

Ruskin had something to do with it, but at the root of it was the reaction from the utilitarian bad taste of the Victorian era, and for this the first intemperate rage for machine-made stuff was chiefly responsible. Art applied by crude machinery was so bad that all applied art suffered by association. People conveniently forgot that the art of Phidias was applied to the not utterly unutilitarian Acropolis of Athens and that the art of Michelangelo was very literally and painfully applied with his own hand to the ceiling of St. Peter's in Rome. The heresy of "pure art" arose and raged.

It is only now that sanity is being recovered. The multiplication of museums has gone on at such a rate that the saturation point of the public in that regard is not far off. Moreover, the museums themselves have got a new vision of their function and their duty to the public and are devoting more and more space to the sort of modern art that belongs to life or the older art which still has a clear relation to life. Art that serves the public is even becoming a museum specialty. Witness the emphasis on the so-called decorative arts in the Brooklyn Museum and the collections of furniture in their proper settings—including the American wing—in the Metropolitan. Witness also the so-called new wing of the Metropolitan to the south, with its Pompeiian Court for Roman sculpture and its Italian bedroom, carved over ceiling and wall with plump cupids and furnished completely to match.

Inevitably the making of museum pieces offers less and less of a career—even a career of esteem. Existing museums are already full to overflowing of that sort of thing. The best that can be hoped is to get on the waiting list—where the competition with the old masters is keen, for the original purpose of museums has not been lost sight of and old masters are continually (and legitimately) arriving at the museum piece stage as the world changes around them.

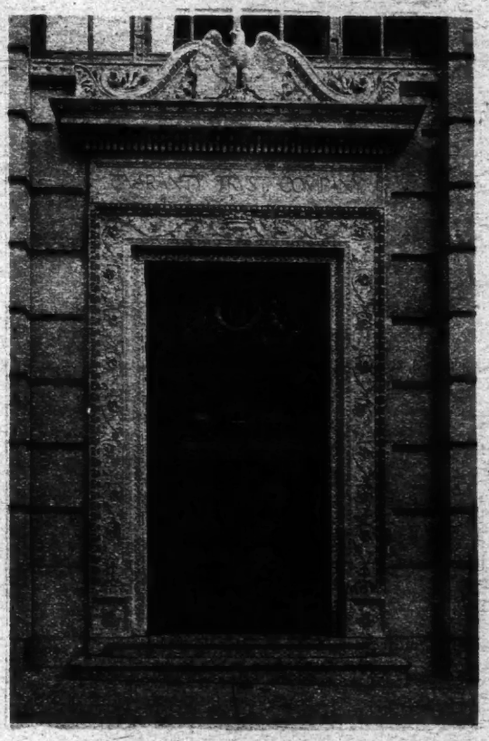
On the other side what is changing the world is that same machinery which wrecked the art appreciation of Europe and America and swept from the map the connoisseur who had made the eighteenth century what it was and remained still a saving grace in the early nineteenth. That machinery has now been so far perfected that it works the other way. It has created the wealth which pays for art and endows museums for "pure" art. But it has gone further. It has created conditions which call for applied art and people whose contact with the accumulated artistic treasures of the race give them some right to say what sort of art shall be applied—and where. It has even created a certain number of persons—not necessarily possessors of great wealth themselves—who have recovered the taste which the Victorians tossed overboard. In fact, the growing class of these persons, educated by travel and reading and contact with what the ages have approved as good, is a by-product of the great business of creating wealth. It is not the wealthy class, as such—though it includes a considerable part of that class.

What I am getting at in due order is that the time has come when the old and true relation is being restored between the artist and civilized laymen—including all sorts of modest folk. The restoration is being accomplished by the same industrial forces which destroyed that relation—as it had existed, from the time Tut-ankh-Amen was tucked away in his gorgeous tomb in Egypt and as it flourished in full flower in the days of our own bewigged and powdered and brocaded ancestors. In short, art is being applied again. It is being applied to all the familiar everyday things of life—to the building and furnishing of your home, to the beautifying of the fabrics of your women's frocks and gowns, to the decoration of your banks and counting houses and shops, to your offices, and to the designs of your automobiles. It is being applied in little things as in big. It is no longer applied only monumentally—as in memorials to the dead and in public buildings doomed to mediocrity by the ignorance of the people's representatives of the simplest principles which ought to govern the choice of design and decoration.

The Age of Chromos

The building of the homes of the nation was resigned around 1830 to the jack-leg carpenter and his assistant, the bricklayer. The making of the furniture for those homes passed soon afterward out of the hands of cabinetmakers into those of persons who ran factories and turned the stuff out wholesale with machine lathes and scroll saws. Our pictures were cheap chromos, and photography came along presently to make things worse—not because of any fault in photography itself, but because of the misuse of it by tasteless commercial persons. No wonder that artists deserted the home and the shop. No wonder they built up the cult of "pure art" and took refuge in "museum pieces."

What has happened now is that the artist has come back. The sort of man who used to paint easel pictures or sculp symbolic statues for their own sake does not now think his art prostituted when he decorates the walls of a room, or paints a screen, or fashions one out of bronze or wrought iron, or carves a pair of doors—not a great monumental pair for a church, but a homely and simple pair for a house that a man lives in. This was precisely what the Old Masters did. If it was always a great house and a rich man's house in those days, that was the condition of the time, not the choice of the artist. Only the rich lived in houses then. There were palaces and huts.



The Bronze Doors of the Guaranty Trust Company, Fifth Avenue.
Cross and Cross Architects.

Now there are middle-sized houses—and more and more big flats and little flats where the practical problems concern light and a certain fixed quantity of space. Our palaces today are chiefly hotels in a sense very different from the old French sense, when a hotel was only a little palace in a town. But the business of the artist is the application of the principles of his art to space—and he has now and here all the opportunities he needs.

There are difficulties, of course. Not everybody yet is ready to call in the artist as an assistant in home-making. Some still think of him as a home-wrecker. Perhaps there still linger those who feel that solid comfort goes with ugliness, discomfort or weariness enters with the presence of beauty. Not every artist has got over the notion that domestic service, even in the highest sense, is not a becoming artistic employment. Not all the housefurnishers and decorators who are not artists are ready to withdraw from the field. Not every artist can adapt himself or herself to the tasks which the application of the art to the home involves.

Levying Upon Artist's Skill

Obviously the process will be selective, both in regard to the home-builders and the artists, and not all homes will fall under the artist's sway. But more and more of them are already using his knowledge and levying upon his skill. As decorator he cooperates with the architect and qualifies as expert on the furniture and fittings that belong to a given style of house-building, whether it undertakes to recreate an older period of a national manner, or to evolve something new, not unworthy to succeed the older periods and manners—whether, for instance, what is aimed at is a good copy of the Georgian or an American derivative of the age of steel.

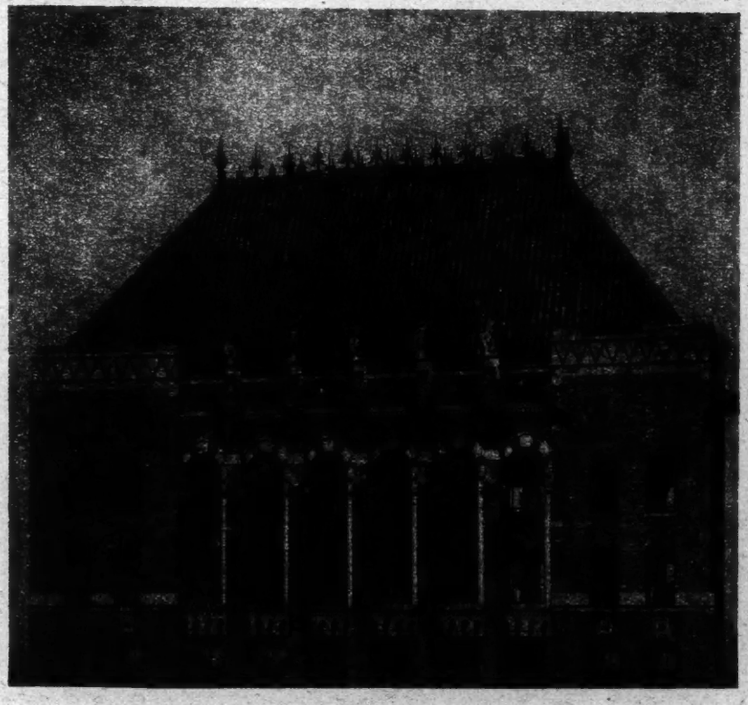
Even in the latter case the artist has to have his artistic and historical background. For the Middle Ages also had their age of steel—the age not of steel buildings but of steel dress suits in the form of armor. The ornamental arts of the metal worker—the smith—were never so highly developed as then. And it is precisely these ornamental arts which our age of steel for bridges and towers has not yet developed. No wonder, then, that the art of the metal worker, like the art of the wood carver, is one of the older arts, abolished by machinery for a time, which is now being revived. Artists of the first consideration are once more finding worth their while the exercise of these ancient and honorable crafts.

In our cities, more and more families are housed in parts of buildings and not whole buildings, and the number of families in one building tends to increase as the stories climb toward the sky. But more and more also the arrangement of the particular part of a building devoted to a particular family is being left to the private taste and judgment of those who are going to live in it. The day of machine-made, contractor-built flats all alike—take them or leave them as the landlord offers them—is yielding to the day of the building with floor space to be divided to suit. You take your part of a floor or two floors and arrange it as your own taste and convenience dictate. Here is an admirable field—if strictly limited—for the architect, even if he is deprived of jurisdiction over the exterior and does not have to calculate the strains incident to supporting the roof. After all, the interior was no minor consideration with persons as eminent as Sir Christopher Wren. The taboo on fireplaces, which was one of the first results of the application of the system of central heating, has been already removed, and around the fireplace the artist can do wonders.

In the country and suburban field, of course, the architect has wider scope, and here he works with the landscape gardener—who also calls himself architect—and may work with other artists—as sculptors and workers in bronze. So far the most that has been done by our own artists of reputation in this province has been done in connection with gardens, terraces and fountains. In just these particulars the craftsman who has been trained to pure art finds it easier to adapt his technical skill to the definite problem. It offers primary lessons in applied art because the art does not need to be so severely applied to a utilitarian purpose.

A fly in the ointment, which troubles the artist used to regarding his work as sacrosanct, is the way the private persons who own the gardens assume the right to change and destroy what is their own—though it is the artist's creation. Or it may be the next heir or the purchaser of the property who makes the changes. In the case of public buildings, churches and monuments you run less risk of this iconoclasm—in your lifetime, at least. There a moderate respect for the artist's work has become customary. No doubt a certain amount of that respect with which the private owner treats the pictures and statues in his gallery will eventually be paid to the artist's work even where it is a part of a garden wall.

A Decoration in the Main Office of the Cunard Building.
Eyra Winter, Painter.



The Upper Stories of the Farmers Loan and Trust Company, Fifth Avenue.
Starrett and Van Vleck Architects.

These are things, after all, that are really not hard to learn. The owner of a Chippendale chair, a Sheraton sideboard or a Duncan Phyfe table does not forget that though the piece is an article of utility it is also a work of art. On the other hand, it will not do to let respect for a mere object of applied art go too far—until it has reached the museum piece stage. It is and must remain a part of the life of the house and must take its chances with the rest. It will not do to turn the home into a museum.

Good Art, Good Manners

Fortunately the average man or woman of taste who may hope to benefit modestly by the artist's advice is not in the way of acquiring museum pieces. So that it is not likely that the home will be spoiled because art has been applied to it. Certainly there are a great many homes in Europe and America to which art has been applied, and the result has been the enhancement of all the home qualities.

The worst or the best that can be apprehended is the restraint imposed automatically by the presence of good things upon bad manners. Bad manners are apt to be free manners, and perhaps our manners will have to improve with our surroundings. The manners of the eighteenth century have been suspected of being better than its morals. Yet there is no necessary opposition between the two. There are those, for instance, who connect our bad manners with our bad morals as cause and effect—one way or the other.

At all events, whether we wish it or not, art is transforming the places we live in. It is also transforming the places we work in. These have long since been made more comfortable. The limit of comfort being reached in many cases, the esthetic element begins to enter. Many a business man's office is already furnished in period furniture. There are frescoes on the walls and ceilings of some of our great office buildings done by our best painters. One automobile sales room, at least, was decorated with murals by an artist of considerable distinction—one accepted even by the "pure art" inner circle. A silk concern is having another well-known artist supply it with bronze doors and a bronze clock to adorn the street façade of the firm's building. In creating designs for its fabrics this firm commands the cooperation of other artists not classified as mere craftsmen even by those most jealous of the named artists.

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FURNITURE FOR GARDENS TAKES ON NEW GRACE

Metal Chairs Have the Comfortable Curves of the Sports Car Seat—Jacobean Crewel Work Revived

By WALTER RENDELL STOREY

THE wider use of metal garden furniture has developed new forms and the use of new materials and methods of construction. Comfort as well as durability is now more stressed than heretofore.

Methods borrowed from the builders of skyscrapers and of ships help in the creation of comfortable and attractive chairs and tables for terrace or lawn. Tiles and glass are entering into their construction, and modernistic designs are here as well as a return to the ornate wrought iron work of the Renaissance.

Among designs inspired by modern art one finds chairs of thin sheet metal in graceful forms and the newest colors. This type, the product of Paul Frankl's brain, was inspired, he tells us, by the lounging seats of the sport motor car. Broad of seat, cushioned, and with a curved back, one style of chair which is astonishingly comfortable although made of metal. Another design with a higher back and no arms gives variation to the chair forms.

A circular table has a cylindrical support with a clever arrangement of three tiny feet under its broad base so that it is always steady, no matter how uneven the lawn may be.

Well-Studied Decoration

Brilliant vermilion, with a touch of green and yellow as accents, sets this furniture apart from the traditional green of garden furniture. Cut into the sheet metal side of the armchair is a modernistic decoration of circles and leaves. And the method of construction is frankly made part of the decoration. Thus the necessary supporting bar of metal below the seat becomes a graceful line and the unconcealed rivet heads are each tipped with green to aid in the decorative effect.

Interesting forms, borrowed from other fields, add to the variety of patterns obtainable. For years outside the Paris cafés small but comfortable chairs and stools have rested weary American tourists. Now, adorned with brilliant paint, and red and white or blue and white cane seats they may be added to our gardens. These chairs of curiously curved metal, wondrously light, are so designed that several may be stacked one on top of the other when not in use.

Cushions for metal garden furniture, like the furniture itself, are made to stand not only sunshine but rain. Waterproof raffia, leather and cloth are used effectively. Color is not sacrificed in this utilitarian improvement, for all the brilliant designs and hues reflected in all outdoor furnishings this season may be found in these waterproof materials.

For those who prefer designs based more on the art of the past there is developing a worth-while style of garden chairs and tables that harks back to the Renaissance iron work and Spanish and Italian tiles. The iron supports of chair and table, copper green in color, are of slender iron rods, square or twisted in form and with the graceful swirls and curves found in wrought iron furniture familiar in Italian and Spanish interiors.

In addition, the table tops, borrowing from the console and coffee tables of indoor furniture, are inlaid with colored tiles, their glazed surfaces permitting them to be left outside in any weather. The chair seats also may be of tiles, with which a weatherproof cushion or pillow is used.

Glass for table tops is another innovation in this furniture for outdoor use. The surface of the glass has been given a rippled effect that lends a pleasing texture and makes the table top somewhat opaque. Slender legs support the frame of the top which carries the glass. In spite of the unusual combination of glass and metal, the table is not only good looking, but with its green metal supports and glass top it conveys an air of lightness and coolness.

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IN the last year or two the increasing use of varied design and brilliant colors in decorative textiles has brought back a note from the past. Jacobean crewel work, an embroidered material once used for clothing, bedspreads or wall hangings, has been revived as a covering for twentieth century chairs and couches. This decorated fabric, although three hundred years old, is as striking in its color and fantasies of design as almost anything that the modern designers have evolved.

From the "Tree of Life"

Crewel work is the old-fashioned name for wool embroidery. It is essentially English in origin, but there is the unmistakable note of the East in the designs developed during the reigns of the Stuarts in the seventeenth century and in that of Queen Anne in the first part of the eighteenth. The most significant design of this period came out of the contact with the East when the East India Company was granted its charter in 1600. How soon after the Chinese "tree of life" design came into use as a motif in these hand-embroidered hangings is a disputed point, but today these fantastic flowers and leaves on gracefully twisting stems, interspersed with quaint animals and gorgeous birds, recall the beauty and luxury of the Jacobean period.

Modern Jacobean Crewel Work Used in Upholstery.

Garden Furniture in Sheet Metal Designed by Paul Frankl.

Jacobean Crewel Popular

It is true that these embroidered designs of wool which so gayly decorate our furniture today are not worked by English hands as once they were. The embroidery stitches have been simplified and mechanical aids are used. Some of the fabrics are made in this country, but the best come from India, whence came three centuries ago the Eastern character of the designs. The artistry of the native Easterner is still needed in making these highly conventionalized curious plants and flowers.

Jacobean crewel embroideries are now used in upholstery and are also employed for portières. As wall hangings, pieces made for that purpose with the tree of life springing from a base of deep colored wools representing the earth are highly decorative.

Most of the designs are on ecru backgrounds of cotton twill, but varied shades of green, a faded red and an old blue may be obtained. In the color scheme of the designs themselves, varied in details, there is a wide range. One on an ecru background shows a fantastically wavering branch springing upward with the leaf, bud, flower and fruit of the pomegranate embroidered in blues, yellows, orange, reds and delicate greens.

Animals formed an important part of these old designs. In the branches of the tree of life gorgeous parrots and birds of paradise perched, while peacocks strutted on the ground. The contact with the East, which meant much to English life in every way, brought in these brilliantly colored birds, and it was but natural that they should have a place in the embroidery designs which reflected so many of the new things of the day.

Squirrels and rabbits and the fleeing hart and pursuing hounds not only were embroidered on the little humpy hills representing the ground, but might also be found scattered amid the general pattern.

Because of the variety of their color schemes an arrangement harmonizing with almost any interior may be made with these old-time designs. In the later period of Queen Anne delicate and playful designs were developed. In these patterns the exotic tree of life is absent and single sprays take its place, but they keep the glamour of Eastern color harmony and of the strange forms of familiar flowers.

Examples of antique hand-worked crewel embroidery may still be found. These are too precious to use for upholstery, but they make admirable wall hangings. As a gentlewoman's occupation in both this country and in England, the making of a bedspread and hangings for a four-poster tester bed, for example, took an immense amount of time. Into the design was worked all the flowers and fruits known and loved by the one who did the embroidery. Harebells and marigolds, grapes, cherries and often some especially favored but perhaps little known flower appeared.

The use of flowers and animals as symbols was a usual practice. The tree form, as standing for the "tree of life," was only building on the old English motif of the tree as symbolizing the Garden of Eden tale. The carnation and caterpillar seen in many of the embroidery designs of the time were Stuart symbols, as was also the rose and the oak. When the strawberry was introduced in England it soon appeared in embroidery as a quaint conceit and reflection of up-to-date-ness on the part of the needlewoman who worked the piece.

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BECAUSE of the widening of Allen Street on the east side, New Yorkers will soon lose the picturesque "Brass Town" where for many years tiny shops catered to those who desired brass for decora-

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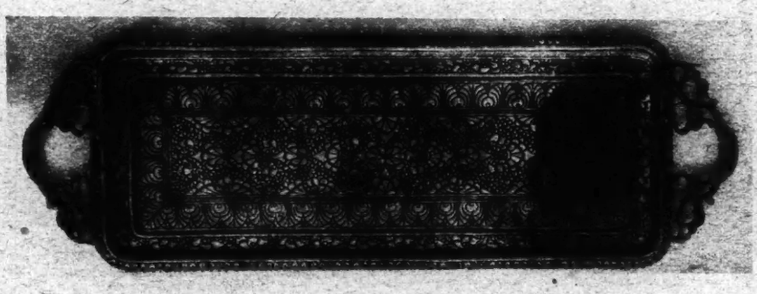

A Tray in Chased Brass and Colored Enamel.

MR. COOLIDGE IS LEARNING TO PLAY

(Continued from Page 2)

experts as one of the most complete of its kind.

Mrs. Coolidge is ready for breakfast at 8 o'clock. The florist already has brought the day's supply of cut flowers, which are arranged on the breakfast table and about the cabin by the time the President returns from his morning walk. After breakfast Mrs. Coolidge reads the morning newspapers, and then with the housekeeper plans the meals for the rest of the day. The President's wife is no different from the average American housewife in that she keeps in direct touch with the kitchen and the domestic side of the household.

Afternoons are spent with the President or in reading and with keeping up with her correspondence. Since she came here Mrs. Coolidge has been quite busy with acknowledgments of small gifts that have been sent to her, such as, for instance, bird seed for the four canaries brought from the White House. The President's wife, too, has received hundreds of things for outdoor use—fishing tackle and rods, tramping shoes and woolen skirts and knickers.

As wife of the President, Mrs. Coolidge also finds her duties as a hostess cannot be divorced from camp life. Already the conferences and week-end visits which will become more numerous as the vacation progresses have started. It appears likely that before the Summer is over virtually all the President's official family will have been here, in addition to many Republican leaders.

The first few weeks of his vacation in the mountains, devoted to fishing and walks in the invigorating air, have had their effect upon the President. His nerves are stronger and outwardly he appears to be freed of a certain tenseness characteristic of him. He does not seem to be absorbed in deep thought, and has something of the abandon about him that should come with real relaxation. The cares of office do not show in the lines of his face. His complexion is tanned and ruddy and his step elastic. In fact, he has the air of a man on a care-free vacation, with the duties behind forgotten and those ahead not concerning him. If others in the Republican Party are worried, he is not. It may be that he has decided his political course in 1928 and, therefore, the future hangs easily on his shoulders. Perhaps his political philosophy has taught him how to face these problems with serenity.

Mr. Coolidge at Ease

In his relations with the press at the bi-weekly conferences, which have been continued on his vacation, Mr. Coolidge seems singularly free from political problems or the burdens of government. He is totally at ease and smiles at the questions placed before him in which gloomy forecasters predict defeat for the party in the Fall and the elimination of Mr. Coolidge from the Presidential race in 1928. If he is thinking of these things and of his chances of breaking the third term tradition, he keeps his own counsel and goes blithely afishing.

President Coolidge appears satisfied with the record of his party and himself in the last Congress. He has been in politics long enough to know that changes of feeling are often temporary. Therefore he is represented as not really concerned about the revolt against the Republican Party, also affecting himself, resulting from the failure of the last Congress to enact radical legislation to aid the farmer. The reverberations from the West, the reports that the Republican Party will lose the next Senate in the Fall elections—all these adverse reactions are not ignored by any means, but are analyzed by the President.

Indeed, Mr. Coolidge is accounted as good a student of the philosophy of politics as any man who has occupied his office before him for many years. He knows the political mind and how to reach it, and feels that he can best strengthen his party and himself by doing his duty, irrespective of emotional movements. Tax reductions and keeping down the expenses of Government are his appeal, and therefore, the record having been made, Mr. Coolidge is represented as maintaining that nothing can be done now to satisfy the farm demands. Time, good weather that will produce bountiful crops and good prices for farm products, and general prosperity are the things that Mr. Coolidge and the party leaders are counting upon to remove the discontent and aid their cause in the Fall elections.

Today, with half of his administration about over, away from the smoky political atmosphere in this clear tonic air, the President gives an impression of self-confidence. A year ago Mr. Coolidge presented the picture of a man on trial with the public. Apparently he was then feeling his way to an understanding with the public and his party. Now he has the air of one who has won the approval of the people.

Family hopes to the contrary, the President's vacation will not be given up entirely to pleasure. Following his practice, he will keep in touch with politics and affairs. As the Summer wanes he will see the political leaders from different parts of the country so as to check his conclusions with the last reports from the actual battlefield. Cabinet officers, party leaders and personal friends will be summoned to White Pine Camp to give Mr. Coolidge the benefit of their observations. These observations, it is said, will decide him on his course in the Fall elections—whether he ought to aid actively in the campaign or remain neutral and above political manoeuvres.

In the two months in the mountains he may reach two conclusions—one on the part he will play in the November elections, at which control of the next Senate is at stake; the other as to his attitude toward the nomination in 1928. But Mr. Coolidge has had too long an experience in public life to disclose his plans far in advance, since a disclosure would weaken him in his efforts to get his legislative program accepted by the next Congress.

Some say that the President is a sphinx in politics. He once said that he was not, but that the press had made him so because he did not talk loosely or readily. His reticence is an asset which has helped him on other occasions, so it is safe to say that President Coolidge will not be much different now when politicians and friends of prospective Presidential candidates are hopeful he will speak and open the 1928 race to others.

From present indications this so-called political sphinx may be expected to continue to keep his own counsel.

CHANGING PLEASURE PARKS

(Continued from Page 10)

considerations, neither of them altruistic. First, there is the fact that many dimes that flowed over the bars now fall to the amusement and prize booths. But the second consideration is more interesting. In the days when liquor flowed freely the life of the boothkeeper or grifter, as he is called in his own world, was one of constant turbulence and hazard. Drunken men had to be fought every few hours and half drunken crowds of young roughs used to consider it the height of pleasant adventurousness to wreck the grifter's booth. This rowdyism has absolutely disappeared from the parks with the passing of drink.

The manner in which gambling was conducted at amusement parks in 1892 is perhaps the most interesting phase of the matter. Then already the wheels and shell games had been forced to seek shelter. So there came into existence a great array of shows and attractions "for men only." Hooch shows they were called in the cant, deriving their name not from liquor but from the common Oriental dance. Thousands of gulls swarmed into these places. Sometimes there were two or three women in the place who danced for a few minutes, usually more fully clad than the modern woman at the opera and certainly not so far unveiled as the respectable girls who might have been found bathing in the surf, a hundred yards away, at Coney. More often there were no women at all and the only thing to be seen was an ossified man in a casket or some other freak of nature or the faker's art.

The true attraction stood over in the corner of these men-only shows and consisted of a shell game or monte layout, a roulette spindle or a money wheel. The gudgeons who had sought the "streets of Cairo" found themselves in a shrine of the god of chance. Stalls and shillabers brought them into contact with the games that were going on and few escaped without losing. Those who obdurately refused to play the games were likely to find on reaching the outer air that they had been through the hands of pickpockets.

The confederates of the gamblers were, of course, the only winners. Every place on the island was a "gyp-joint" and every game had a trick or cheating device, called a gouge, squeese or gimmick in the show vernacular. Strangely enough, the crowds of that day did not seem to resent all this fraud and venality. It was more or less expected, part of the adventure, and those who were trimmed today came back to be plucked another day. There was a rough good humor about it all.

I went to Coney Island the other night with this picture of the old Island in mind. Three strong impressions shine through the phantasmagoria I carried away—the unbelievable jam of motor cars, the super-mundane clamor, and the vast predominance of foreign faces. That clamant main street of the place is not likely to fade from recollection for years—the infernal roar and brabblement of it, the outlandish gutturals and exotic vocables, the wild shrilling of the barkers, the thundering of the scenic railway cars, the scream and toot and shriek of the whistles, the organs and the horns, the never-ending honking of the motor sirens, the ceaseless shuffle of multitudinous feet, the brassy chanting of the bands, and over and through it all, filling the rare lulls with its majestic murmur, the plangency of the wind-waked sea.

I stood by the gates of one of the chief enterprises and watched the people come and go—the parties of well dressed men and women, many of whom evidently had traveled far to see the place and carry back the memory; the strolling pairs of maids and swains; the parents with squads of children; the bevies of young girls and groups of striplings; the sheepish oldsters. All comfortably equipped, these visitors. Some, it is true, were got up in the extremes of cheap costuming that give the reformers and preachermen thyroid trouble every Summer. But one and all they seemed unworried and relaxed, apparently prosperous, oblivlously happy.

Where was the riot of the other years? Where were the drunken men and the abandoned women? Where the roughs and pluguglies, the bouncers and pugilists and strongarm men? Such gentry exist, and probably in greater numbers than ever, to judge from the police dockets and the prison populations and the pages of the newspapers. But certainly they are no longer in the amusement parks, or if they come they yield to the hidden pulsances of that strange force which has made the Summer crowds bovine, tractable, regimented, orderly, well-behaved—one had almost said cowed.

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FIVE STATES WILL HONOR CLARK'S SOLDIERS

His "Long Knives," as the Indians Called Them, Took Fort Vincennes, and Won the Northwest for the Revolutionary Forces

IN the history of the States that were carved out of the old Northwest Territory the name of George Rogers Clark is written large. Close upon a hundred and fifty years have passed since the wintry morning in February, 1779, when a band of American frontiersmen wrested the fort of Vincennes from the British and decided the destiny of the region. According to the latest report five States—Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan and Minnesota—are to participate in a sesquicentennial celebration of the event two years from now, under the leadership of the Indiana Historical Society.

Deciding battles of the Revolution took place in the East, but the winning of Western territory is an important chapter of history. It contains a tale of high daring—that of the march of Colonel Clark and his men across what is now Illinois in the dead of Winter and in the face of obstacles that threatened at any moment to bring destruction upon the adventurers.

George Rogers Clark was an enterprising pioneer and leader of men. Born in Virginia, near Jefferson's Monticello, he joined an expedition to the Ohio Valley as surveyor at the age of 19, and took part in the "Dunmore War" against the Indians just before the Colonies' struggle for freedom. When the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky was opened to settlement as part of the Province of Virginia, Clark moved into the new region and went through the perils of frontier warfare with the Indian tribes. Harrodsburg, the new settlement, was besieged for weeks by savages. The settlers' houses were burned to the ground; game to supply the beleaguered garrison could be hunted only by stealth. Through all the early days of Kentucky, Clark fought and hunted, until finally war with England descended on the country.

They Celebrated the Fourth

From the stronghold of Detroit the British General Hamilton was spurring on the Indians to raid the Colonists of Kentucky. Hundreds of miles separated them from the home Government of Virginia, but Clark made the hard journey to ask the aid of troops from Governor Patrick Henry. He received authority to raise men for a campaign. Nearly every able-bodied Virginian was already in the Continental line. Clark commenced operations with a force of 175, instead of the 500 he had hoped for. Down the Ohio River he moved with his troops, and, disembarking at Fort Massac, marched overland to the capture of Kaskaskia on the Mississippi. The sound of revelry greeted the ears of the Americans as they crept up to the post on the night of July 4, 1778. The British were celebrating with a dance in the log fort.

A figure in the rough garb of a frontiersman, it is told, strolled into the room. Suddenly the music ceased as Clark was recognized.

"Dance on," he said grimly. "Only now you dance under the flag of Virginia instead of that of England."

Kaskaskia thus fell. Cahokia and other near-by towns came next, and Fort Vincennes itself was turned over to Clark by the French who held it, but not for long. General Henry Hamilton swept down from Detroit with 500 British regulars and Indians. In the fort was Captain Helm, one American soldier and some of the French habitants. The civilians were sent out. General Hamilton demanded the surrender of the fort. "On what terms?" asked Captain Helm. "All the honors of war," said the British. Thereupon Captain Helm marched out with his garrison of one soldier.

"If I don't take Hamilton, Hamilton will take me," concluded Clark, who was then at Kaskaskia. Although it was Winter and his supporters few, he must recapture Vincennes at once. A company of volunteers from Cahokia and a second from Kaskaskia joined his force, and at the head of 170 men he set out to achieve the task of crossing the breadth of Illinois to make a surprise attack on Vincennes. The flat lands were submerged in icy water; rain and snow fell to bring misery on the expedition. Every step that the little band took made it more and more impossible for them to retreat. In places the country was under water.

An epic in American history was being staged. Clark and his "Long Knives," as the Indians called the dreaded frontiersmen, were plunging daily through water that reached to their armpits, slowly but surely forging through the wilderness toward Vincennes. Their food was running out and their situation was hardly less than desperate when at last they came out on the banks of the Wabash across from the fort and heard its sunrise gun. They crossed in canoes which they built.

Once more Clark and his men found a British force celebrating and they swung to the attack. Within thirty yards of the fort they threw up their earthworks and opened fire with long, deadly frontier rifles. It was no use for the British to run their heavy cannon to the loopholes. The keen-eyed frontiersmen met them with a hail of bullets that picked off the gunners at the pieces.

Clark conducted his operations as if he were at the head of an army many hundreds strong. Shut up in the fort the British listened to the rattle of the frontiersmen's rifles and their shouts in the darkness, and believed themselves besieged by a force that far outnumbered their own. So cleverly had Clark massed his weakness that Hamilton begged for a three days' truce in order to discuss the situation. But Clark was stern. Unconditional surrender or nothing was his answer to the British commander. His men could not retreat—they must take Vincennes or die, and he knew it.

With the aid of Père Gibault, Clark had obtained the good-will of the French settlers, and in the tiny village church of Vincennes General Hamilton and Clark met on Feb. 25. Hamilton yielded. The fort was surrendered and the British marched out and gave up their arms. Only then did they discover that they had been forced into giving up a highly fortified post, backed by cannon, to a mere handful of weary but indomitable American frontiersmen. The bluff had worked, and never again were the British soldiery to menace the settlements of the Northwest.

DREYFUS A FORGOTTEN MAN

(Continued from Page 8)

labored under an undeserved stigma, only partially cleared by a pardon from President Loubet after the second court-martial had, in the face of overwhelming proof of his innocence, found Alfred Dreyfus "guilty with extenuating circumstances," and sentenced him to ten years' further detention on Devil's Island.

Even to speak of the heroic fight that was made to save his brother does not serve to dissipate Matthieu Dreyfus's deep sadness.

"Yes," he sighs, "there were great defenders—especially Clemenceau; he was perhaps the strongest of all. But there were so many—Jaures, Picquart, Zola, de Prósense, Trarieux, Scheurer-Kestner, Bernard Lazare, the lawyers Labori and Demange. They are nearly all dead. It is really unfair to name any of them, since one cannot name them all, and I could not bear to seem ungrateful to any of them or to forget the part that any one played in vindicating my brother."

Of his own part, however, and of the all but insuperable obstacles he overcame the brother was reluctant to speak. I asked him if he had any idea in the beginning that he would ultimately win.

"I did not ask myself whether I could succeed or not," he answered. "If one asks one's self such questions one does not act. And I had to act. I had a duty to perform."

It was clear that he did not see himself as heroic. At the same time he expressed no bitterness toward any of those responsible for the injustice, save only Esterhazy, the traitor. Esterhazy was, he said, an "épouvantable canaille."

More willingly he spoke of the late war. He told how his brother had been mobilized as the chief of a battalion of artillery that was active in the defense of Paris, and later served at the front. Alfred Dreyfus's son, Pierre, now an engineer in Paris, also served in the artillery, first as a private, then as a Captain. Matthieu Dreyfus's only son was killed in action in 1915, after having won the Croix de Guerre for bravery. "And they did not give it to every one then," the father added with the only touch of pride he had shown. His son-in-law, the son of Reinach, famous historian of the case, was also among the missing.

It is this intense and genuine patriotism, common to both brothers, that presents one of the most ironical aspects of the Dreyfus case. It was tragic and ironic that the French Army should have misjudged Dreyfus. He was never, as were some of his defenders, radical, an internationalist or an anti-militarist. He was a true soldier. There was probably no man in the entire army against whom such an accusation would have been more preposterous; no man who more loyally and unreservedly accepted the institutions of his country.

From the first Dreyfus protested his innocence. "Soldiers, I am innocent. An innocent man is being degraded. Vive la France!" He could even understand and forgive the cowardly mob that handled him roughly at La Rochelle when he was a defenseless prisoner.

Of the great figures who towered in that fight there is today, besides the victim and his brother, only one survivor, Clemenceau. Zola, Scheurer-Kestner and Bernard Lazare did not live to see the completion of their work. Picquart died shortly before the outbreak of the World War. Jaures was struck down on the eve of it. Clemenceau alone remains.

I went to see Clemenceau. But the man I found was the Clemenceau of 1926. He appeared rather amused at my enthusiasm. He admitted that justice had triumphed, and that he had been of considerable importance in bringing about that triumph; but it no longer greatly interested him. Too much water had run under the bridge. He had not rested on the laurels gathered in the famous Affaire.

When I showed him the volume of collected articles written by him at that time, which I had come across, and pointed out words that had rung so eloquently, he remarked that it was one of a dozen such volumes resulting from the Affaire, but that these, too, no longer interested him. "I have not one of them in my library," he said. "I do not know even where one can be found. I have gone on to other things. Yes, it was a great fight. But for me it was finished when it was over. You see, I am a man of action."

Yet although Clemenceau at 84 looks forward rather than back, his ringing words as well as their tangible result—Dreyfus's vindication and reinstatement—are there to bear witness to the part he played thirty years ago in a generous and noble movement.

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OLD-TIME LUMBERJACK PASSES INTO HISTORY

(Continued from Page 9)

left on the settings by the fellers, to be used as "high-lead spars." The first job of the high rigger is to trim and top the spar tree.

He wears a heavy lineman's belt around his waist Strapped to his feet are long, sharp spurs that can pierce through the bark and give him a solid footing as he climbs. A saw and axe are slung from his belt. His climbing rope circles the tree and hooks in the front of his belt. He slackens the rope and jerks it up as he climbs. When he reaches a limb he braces his legs, leans back, takes up his ax or saw, and lops off the limb. So he proceeds until he reaches a point between one hundred and two hundred feet from the ground, the height depending on many conditions. The tree below him is a trimmed, tapering column. Here the spar must be "topped" and the blocks and guy lines attached.

The high rigger chops an undercut, saws through, braces himself and holds his breath as the top topples and the gigantic spar begins to shake. As the top, forty feet or more of timber and limbs, swings out, the whole tree swings with it, and after the top breaks and drops the spar tree sways in vast circles for minutes before it is still. And there is the high rigger swinging with it, with nothing to hold him but a taut rope, his muscle and his nerve. Should the tree split when the top breaks, or should the rigger be shaken loose when it falls, as frequently happens, he plunges down, and even if his rope catches it may jerk him up with a broken back or leave him hanging, head down. A brave boy with heart of oak, the high rigger is the hero of the high-lead logging operation.

Guying a Spar Tree

The tree spar safely topped, the high rigger takes up a light line and a small block, and, with the help of other timber mechanics and the donkey engine, he rigs up the guylines and blocks. First, he hangs the high lead block through which the main hauling line passes. This block is suspended as high up on the tree as possible, to give the maximum effect of the high lead. Another block is suspended to take the lead of the haulback line. These are the only two blocks needed for the yarding of the log from the timber to the railroad, and for the return of the main line and choker cables to the yarding crew; but other blocks are mounted as a matter of convenience, mainly for the rigging-up of the loading lines.

When the spar tree is stoutly guyed with heavy steel cables and the huge blocks—one will weigh 1,500 pounds—are hung, the yarding, roading and loading engines, mounted on large logs hewn to the shape of sled runners, are moved into place, and the high lead logging operation begins. A typical yarder of the Northwestern woods, a "bull donkey" weighing thirty tons, has a main line 1,850 feet long, made of steel cable one and three-eighths inches in diameter. It hauls in logs at the speed of 440 feet a minute. The main line lead block is 150 feet or more high on a spar tree, and the butts of the largest logs are thus lifted over roots and trees. The tie-ups and accidents so usual in the ground lead system are reduced; the timber land is not torn with gaping furrows and the new system leaves far less débris of wrecked trees.

When the timber near the railroad has been logged off, the yarder is moved on into the woods, and a roading engine relays the logs to the loader. The loading track is near the spar tree, and two loading blocks are located on guylines directly over the centre of the car to be loaded. Two sets of loading lines are used. In operation the huge tongs of one set are fastened to the front end of a log, and it is broken out of the pile and freed. The tongs of the other set are then fastened to the other end of the log, and as this end is lifted from the ground, the log swings parallel to the car, directly over the centre of it. The top loader then directs his crew and signals the loader engineer until the log is lowered into a secure place on the carload.

This mechanical logging is not without its magnificence. It is awe-inspiring just to stand among the giants of the fir forests. When loggers cut through these trees one thinks of Titans falling in battle. Standing or prone, the enormous firs are impressive. And among them man's most powerful machines are seen at work. One doesn't have to dream, as in a city, of man's slow mastery of the wilds. For here is the actual spectacle of man cutting into the heart of an old wilderness, his machines mastering in hours the prodigious growth of centuries.

Recently I saw the last wedge driven home in a seven-hundred-year-old Douglas fir that towered three hundred feet. It crashed down with the roar of a storm. The buckers lopped off its limbs and bucked it into lengths of from twenty-four to eighty feet. I stood by its butt logs, which, with its bark, measured twelve feet in diameter and the engines down by the railroad appeared like toys, the steel cables like threads. But the hook tender swung his choker setters to the great butt log, they pulled the rigging down from the haulback line, they fastened the choker cable around the log, the whistle punk tugged on his wire, the far-away electric whistle tooted shrilly, the log moved in a slow roll, its nose lifted and the timber which was centuries old before Columbus discovered America crashed down the line. The choker setters swabbed the sweat from their foreheads, took another chew of "snoose" and waited for the next set of rigging.

With all these mechanical developments of lumbering, the red-shirted shanty boy and the singing riverman, the lumberjacks of story and song, are only memories of pioneer days. From the highest to the lowest, the men engaged in modern lumbering are timber mechanics. The man who would have been a bull of the woods in other days is now a superintendent, a technical expert who often has the university degree of Logging Engineer. The man who would have been a sled teamster or a bullwhacker is now a "donkey puncher," a genuine master mechanic. The hook tender is the boss of a "side," the director of a yarding crew, and he and his men must be capable of splicing "wire rope" as well as a sailor splices hemp.

Every logging operation has its railroad department, with surveying parties, grading, bridge-building and track-laying gangs, crews of railroaders on its logging trains, and crews of mechanics in its shops. Every logging operation has its crew of blacksmiths and "donkey doctors," who keep the engines and other logging equipment in repair. Every timber mechanic is a specialist: a hook tender, a high rigger, a choker setter, a chaser, a sniper, a swamper, a donkey fireman, a woodbuck, a donkey puncher, a second loader, a top loader, a whistle punk, a filer, a bull cook, and so on. Fallers and buckers work like the choppers and sawyers of other days; but the gasoline drag-saw and link-saw threaten to bring the machine even into this work.

The camps, too, have been completely modernized during the past ten years. The timber mechanic will not tolerate the bunk shanty of yesterday. He no longer "blows in" his wages then totes his "forty years' gatherings" on his back to another job. He usually drives out to a new job in his car. Every camp has its garage. And its laundry, bath houses and drying rooms, also. The timber mechanics work only eight hours, and they shave, bathe, and dress in store clothes when their day is done. They no longer invent ballads and legends to while away their evening hours; but they go in their cars to the dance hall now to be found at every crossroad; or they listen to the bunkhouse radio; or they play rummy to the music of a phonograph. Many of them are married; and in the largest camps, where as many as five hundred men are employed, there are family cottages, and stores and schools.

NEW FURNITURE FOR GARDENS

(Continued from Page 18)

tion. But now the discerning brass fancier does not need to travel so far to find the coveted metal ware. Larger shops in more accessible parts of the town are showing the product of a half dozen countries. Most of it is modern brass, although ancient brass is displayed also.

Much prized by those who know brass is the engraved and enameled ware of the East Indies. Repoussé ware, which has the design raised by hammering the metal, is the other method used in Indian metal work, but the engraved or chased type is more often met with.

This engraved and enameled ware, of all the brass of many nations, alone has the charm of color. The reds and greens and blues of East India brass, with the glowing metal showing in intricate and delicate patterns, make these brass trays, vases, boxes and candlesticks a spot of beauty in any room in which they are placed.

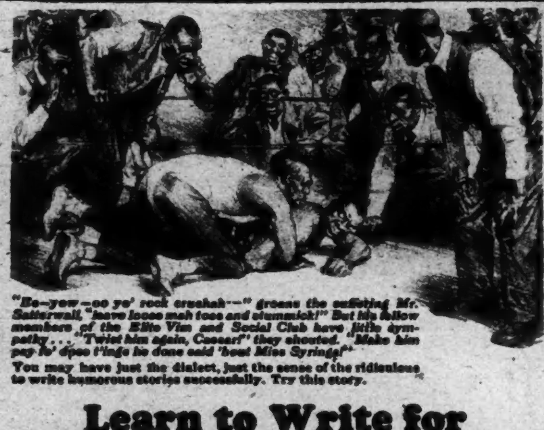
If you like to hunt for specimens you will find them in auction rooms, antique shops and shops dealing with odds and ends of beauty gathered from the four quarters of the world. If you are mainly interested in getting a colorful bit of gleaming metal not too expensive for use or ornament, the ware made today will provide you with just the piece of East Indian art you desire.

So much fabric and wood goes into the furnishing of a modern room that a bit of brass with its shiny, firm texture is often necessary to provide that note of contrast which is one of the secrets of a well-decorated room. In a living room, a den or a man's apartment these bits of Eastern art find their most useful place. On a side table or a chest of drawers with a cashmere shawl or an Indian cotton print as a background, these trays or a tall hookah—the Eastern smoking arrangement—will give out all their charm. For a coffee table one may have a circular tray two feet or more in diameter, for which folding table legs are provided.

Perhaps you will use the tall, straight-sided bud vases, with a single rose, to bring back the Arabian Nights dreams of the East. Or the cobra candlestick, the support formed of the flattened head and sinuous body of India's dreaded snake, will strike an Oriental note in an otherwise Occidental interior. And often curious shaped bits of East India brass work may be discovered, of which the original use is unknown, but which add by their unusual air a piquant charm to a room.

For thousands of years brass vessels have been in universal use in India. Among the Hindu part of the population brass vessels were prescribed by their religion. A bride would be presented with a complete outfit of brass utensils for her new home. Even the beggar on the street would have a brass bowl secreted among his rags. And every piece would carry more or less beauty of design.

Today the ware is hand-made as in centuries past. A few crude tools, a primitive lathe for turning around the brass bowl or vase as he works on it is all the native needs. Sitting on the ground or on a combined stool and stand of primitive form, he works the metal into shape or ornaments it. Feet are almost as useful as hands in the labor of an East India brass-smith—they aid him in holding the brass or in working the lathe.



"Ee-yow—oo yo' rock crushah—" groans the suffering Mr. Satterwall, "leave loose mah toes and stummick!" But his fellow members of the Elite Vim and Social Club have little sympathy. . . "Twist him again, Caesar!" they shouted. "Make him pay fo' dose t'ings he done said 'bout Miss Syringa!"

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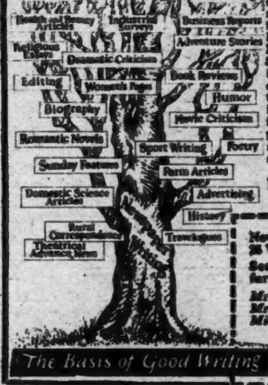

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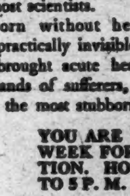

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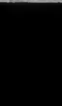

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TRUE MARRIAGE COMES TO YOUNG JAPAN

(Continued from Page 11)

betrothal announcement. After that there remains nothing but to select a day of happy omen for the wedding. The ceremony takes place at the home of the groom instead of at that of the bride, and is as simple as in the days of the gods. It consists of the exchange of three cups of saké (tiny unglazed earthen cups), the traditional "san-san-kudo," in the three times three. This is performed in a room where none but the bride and the groom, the inevitable Nakodo and his wife, and a young girl who fills the cups with saké is present. No priest or minister of a cult is there; no officer of the law. Neither the parents of the groom nor those of the bride take part. Religion has nothing to say about the matter at all, and the law requires only the transfer of the bride's register from her parents' family to that of her husband's. That is all. Such was the old-style marriage of Nippon.

And now? Now all is changed—changed or in process of being changed. The gospel of individualism, on the crest of a world tide, has swept the island empire from end to end. Personal and individual happiness comes first in the thoughts of modern maids of Nippon. The paramount emphasis is more and more laid on the rights of the individual. One's mother and one's grandmother, exaggerating their sense of duty to the family, to the country and to the race, are "too old-fashioned for words!" This very phrase was used, just the other day, by the young and dashing daughter of a great historic family in Tokio.

A few years ago the whole country was electrified when the news of the devotion of the Prince Regent, Hirohito, to Princess Naga-ko of the House of Kuni found its way into our newspapers. It was absolutely the first love match in the twenty-five-century story of the Imperial House of Nippon. Every good son and daughter of the empire thrilled with the romantic glamour of the thing.

Country-Wide Excitement

Then, suddenly, out of the twilight gloamings of palace intrigues, leaked a whisper that no less a personage than the formidable Elder Statesman Prince Yamagata was opposing the royal match. The whole country became excited over this revelation. The ancient saying about the path of true love's being thorny—even in the case of the "Son of Heaven"—touched the national incident with a color of intimate romance.

Almost every citizen of the empire took what he or she sincerely believed to be a personal interest in the triumph of the young heir to the throne over the hoary wolf of many political battles. When at last victory plumed the two royal lovers, and the whole thing ended in the resignation of the Minister of the Palace and the downfall of the Chosu influence, of which the Elder Statesman was the leader, the whole country gave itself up to unprecedented rejoicings and festivities.

This love match of our reigning Prince had the effect on the country at large of an oriflamme of the New Order of Things, flaunted from the flagstaff of a brand-new day.

"What the Above does, the Below delights to follow," runs an old Nipponese saying. All of Young Japan today is proud to follow in the footsteps of the Regent and his beloved consort. The old folks are silent. Love-making copied from the sparkling scenes of up-to-date American movies is rapidly coming into favor there, despite all the efforts of police censors.

There is one thing about this new freedom in the emotional life of modern Nippon. It is becoming more and more the fashion for our young people, when they wed, to demand a religious ceremony in addition to the legal and social rite. Literally, thousands of aspirants for marital bliss are now crowding into the Shinto shrines to have their marriage ceremonies performed according to the ancient rites and before the shrine. This is something entirely new in Nippon. No enemy of the new order of things can point to this fashion as a display of decadent frivolity.

Another thing. Most of the newlyweds now are demanding establishments of their very own, independent of the parental homes. It means nothing less than an absolute dethronement of that mighty historic institution, the mother-in-law, and constitutes a social revolution more treacherous than the toppling of a hundred thrones. The traditional nightmare of all Nipponese brides is about to pass into the shadow world. At all times—alike in the brocade days of the Elder Nippon and in the New Nippon of today—no Japanese maid worthy the name ever questioned her ability to win the heart of her husband. But the mother-in-law! That was another story.

In this favored land of America mother-in-laws are the never-failing inspiration and patron saints of comic strips. In the life of young married couples in Japan the mother-in-law has played the sinister rôle of sunken rock and avenging angel in one. She was emphatically not a joke. If the imported movie civilization fails to achieve anything beyond persuading the Japanese mother-in-law to take her place with the jawbones of a mammoth, a top-knot and Dodo, Japanese girls have quite enough reason to raise an everlasting monument to it.

JOHN DREW TO STAY WITH US

(Continued from Page 4)

hand—especially when her Katherine slapped his Petruchio.

Nevertheless, Miss Adams was delicious and charmed everybody. They made their great joint success in "Rosemary" at the Empire in September, 1896, niece Ethel playing a rustic maid in some absurd togs which Uncle John remembers acutely. The next shift saw Maude Adams starring in "The Little Minister" of J. M. Barrie—not yet by a long shot Sir James of that ilk, Baronet.

That happy period remains in the memory of a great many more readers of this article than have dear embers of recollection to be fanned into a flame by the days with Daly. When the world was about changing centuries you went every season to the Empire Theatre wearing your best clothes and your very best manners, taking along the very best company you knew. At first you went to see Maude Adams and John Drew. Then you went at least twice—to see Maude Adams and to see John Drew. Charles Frohman had now two stars which shone separately. And he held those stars in their courses till the Lusitania was torpedoed and he went on (as he said) to "the most beautiful adventure of all." Drew had a letter from Frohman just before he sailed and sent him a telegram warning him against U-boats.

You may read that in Drew's book. As you may also read how there was a young man who typed and ran errands in Frohman's office in the earlier Empire days—a young man who acted sometimes also as Mr. Drew's dresser. His name was Peter Daly. Afterward, he was the actor who introduced Shaw to American audiences at the Berkeley Lyceum by playing "Candida" with Dorothy Donnelly. We know him as Arnold Daly, because there was already a Peter Dailey on the stage.

The writer disclaims any intention of inflicting upon the reader a biography of the dean of American actors—this man who is so young at 73, and who only a few weeks ago spoke the prologue of the first production of "King Henry IV," which America has seen for thirty years. Mr. Drew afterward presided over a lively party, at which were present all the players in that performance. He said nothing about retiring. Yet he does not mind telling you that when he made his first appearance on any stage at the Arch Street Theatre in his native Philadelphia (at a benefit for his sister, the future mother of the three Barrymores) his own mother, who had begun as Louisa Lane to act at 8 years old and got corking notices—his mother was annoyed. The piece was entitled "Cool as a Cucumber," and young Drew's part was that of a very cool young man. The Manager-Mother, who played a maid's part, to give professional first-aid if it were needed, thought that for a novice he was too cool. She indicated her opinion publicly by a specially interpolated speech. "What a dreadful young man," she said, "I wonder what he will be like when he grows up."

Very well, now just look at him! And remember that he was born before the Civil War, that as a little boy he saw Charles Dickens, as visiting lecturer; looked upon the Young Visitor who was the Prince of Wales who came to be Edward VII (he resembled, Mr. Drew says, the Prince who was the recent Young Visitor), and was present at the Victory Parade in Washington after the surrender at Appomattox. The little boy remembers how General Custer, long hair and all, fell off his horse in that parade and then got on again and showed off his horsemanship. The boy also remembers taking riding lessons himself at a tender age at Mme. Minna's Riding Academy in his native city, where he belonged to a cadet corps, and later you may see the man that was the boy mounted and armed with a polo mallet as the photographer caught him at East Hampton.

A Living Institution

That man has been conspicuously invited into stage boxes by King Edward, by Colonel Roosevelt and President Taft. He has met and dined with Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, Algernon Charles Swinburne, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, James MacNeill Whistler, Sir John Tenniel, George du Maurier and Bret Harte. Sir W. S. Gilbert has for Mr. Drew's benefit pooh-poohed his own "Bab Ballads" (but I sha'n't mean it," said Pooh Bah) and Sir Arthur Sullivan has told him that a speech of his was "capital." Drew says Sir Arthur did not mean it either. He saw with his own eyes Saint Gaudens sculping General Sherman's great bronze steed that gilded Victory is perpetual hostler to at the Plaza. His field glasses were focused on the Duke of Westminster's famous Ormonde winning the Derby. He has even been the subject of a cartoon in Punch.

If that does not make a man an institution nothing can. Obviously retirement is out of the question.

H. I. B.

CHINESE JUNKS

THE junks of the China sea, with their teakwood hulls and heavy lateen sails, have marvelous cruising powers. Their bamboo masts sway before the wind and they can turn and tack readily in spite of their clumsy appearance. On two occasions, at least, Chinese junks have crossed the Pacific and come safely into the Golden Gate at San Francisco. One of these junks was manned by the owner, a white man, helped by his Chinese wife and small son.

Every traveler in China notices the enormous blue, yellow and scarlet "eyes" painted on the bows of the junks. The Chinese explanation of the custom is logical, and admits of no come-back: "No have got eyes, how can see? No can see, how can savvy?"

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TOTEM POLES ARE NOW TO BE GUARDED

(Continued from Page 12)

fully, breaking off now and then into a weird chant or plaintive dirge that is part of the tale.

A raven on a totem pole takes one back to the beginning of time. Was it not the raven that by the flapping of its wings beat darkness into the earth and then begged the sun, moon and stars from the aged chief who kept them in three boxes on a shelf? Perhaps one may hear another version of the story. In the beginning all was darkness. Then two Indians, weary of doing their work by the light of carefully hoarded fires, changed themselves into ravens and flew up into the blackness above. Soon they spied an eye of light opening and closing. Watching their opportunity, they slipped in and, changing themselves into pine needles, dropped into a fountain near by. When later some maidens came to fetch water they were drawn out and afterward were born as children into the world of light.

Thereupon they set about to discover the secret of light. They guessed it lay in a crystal ball they found in their grandfather's house, and so they besought the old man to let them play with the toy. One day they made off with it and, changing themselves into ravens again, slipped through the opening back into the darkness from which they had come, carrying the ball in their beaks. Upon their return to their own people they asked them what they needed most. Light, was the reply. Then the ravens tossed the crystal ball until it fell and broke with a burst of light, the fragments becoming sun, moon and stars. Some of the totems depict the bird with a disk in its beak, showing just how the ancestors of the raven clan brought light to the earth.

On many of the totem poles of the Skeena River villages may be seen the sun, the stars and the rainbow, and around them the old men of the Sky family weave a wondrous tale. Long, long ago, soon after the flood, a former suitor's court to the beautiful wife of a chief resulted in discovery and the extermination of his entire family. The guilty wife with her child, Skewah, hid under a shield in the ground and so escaped. A young warrior named Sunbeams eventually claimed Skewah and took her to his home in the sky. To Skewah and Sunbeams were born many fine sons, whom their father trained as warriors and to whom he gave as crests the sun, moon, stars and the rainbow.

Honor to the Goat

How the mountain goat found his place on the totem poles of numerous families is related in this way: One day a company of men from Temiahan, the "good land of yore," recklessly slaughtered a herd of goats on the mountainside. Only one was saved by a young Indian for a pet. When word of the slaughter went around, all the mountain goats got together and, turning themselves into human shapes, sent messengers to invite the Indians to a feast. Far up the mountain slopes the braves were led and there they were properly entertained, but at night a chasm opened suddenly and swallowed the house and the guests as they slept. Only one was spared—the protector of the little goat. His protégé led him safely down the mountain, lending him his goat shoes for the most perilous leaps, and in gratitude the family of the young man adopted the goat crest.

The dog with the drooping ears, the fort and the palisade are traced to an adventure of Suwayroos and his warrior band. Sprung of warlike people from the coast, he was set upon the extermination of his neighbors, the nomadic plateau tribes. But on his second expedition into their country his thoughts were diverted and all idea of the chase driven from his head. For the first time the invaders came across a white man's road, a fort, a palisade, a European dog and many startling objects such as they had never seen before. The raiders attributed these sights to a supernatural visitation of sky-beings and adopted them as crests.

Lying on the ground at Kitwanga is a totem pole said by some to date back two centuries. It belonged to the formidable Nehrt, son of a beautiful princess and a heartless chief who captured her and bore her off to his seacoast island home. Wherever he went he made trouble, until the people of Kitwanga determined to make an end of him. But Nehrt, hearing of their plans, withdrew to a cone-shaped mound, where he built four houses, the remains of which are pointed out today. With cords of sinew he drew up a number of tree trunks out of which he built a barricade. This he encircled with a cordon of sinew, hidden in the brush, from which he hung dried deer hoofs and puffin beaks to rattle and warn him of the enemy's approach. A similar contrivance he fitted to the door of each house; then he settled down to wait.

When his enemies arrived he cut the cords that held his fort together, and the logs, rolling down the slopes, felled his foes to a man. The figures on his totem pole represent the casualties.

The appearance on a totem pole of a man holding a child is to designate a chief whose son became a chief. The whale stands for lordship of the sea and the wolf for dominance on land. A carved head at the bottom of the shaft is usually a mark of triumph. On one pole such a head with the mouth wide open is to tell of one who spoke evil of the chief and was fittingly punished. On occasion a totem pole conveys more ignominy than a debtors' prison. Among the Haidas it was customary for a creditor to ask a debtor three times for money due. Then, if nothing was done about the bill, no more was said; but presently there appeared on the creditor's totem pole a head upside down with telltale crests attached. Thus the neighborhood was left in no doubt as to the delinquent. In like manner one had carved on his totem pole various persons he wished to ridicule.

At the Indian village of Kitwanga, sprawling along its river side, first steps have been taken in the restoration work. The start was made not without troublesome preliminaries. Tampering with totem poles is a delicate business, Harlan I. Smith found, when, representing the anthropological division of the Victoria Museum, he set about the task.

Question Compromised

Although Kitwanga is on the government reservation, the Government, for reasons of tact, would not dream of touching a totem pole without the Indians' consent. There lay the difficulty. Would they give the white man right of way with these emblems of their genealogy? The question consumed days of debate. Some of the Indians appreciated the white man's purpose; but others were opposed even to admitting the museum men to their villages. Family and religious sentiment clings tenaciously to those totem poles that have withstood the advances of collectors.

Finally a compromise was reached. The white men might take up the project with the families that owned the poles, and if they should consent the undertaking might go ahead. Acquiescence came hard in many instances, but this Summer sees the work under way. Where the poles have rotted at the base creosote is poured in and fallen ones are raised. The shafts are treated with oils to protect them from action of the weather, and in some cases the coloring is restored. All of the actual labor is being done by Indians under a white foreman—who is eligible for the post by virtue of having married an Indian woman. Already some fifteen poles have been put in good condition and others are soon to be treated.

BERMUDA TO HAVE 'RAILWAY'

(Continued from Page 5)

They are machines for manipulating the bones; nothing better has ever been invented, even in the days of the Inquisition. They rack, stretch and rattle human bones without pity.

Withal a ride in a horse bus—one is quite sufficient—is a genuine excursion into native life. The right seat is beside the driver if one can manage to find room between live chickens, vegetable crates, shoe boxes and rolls of oilcloth. For the buses carry freight and none is refused.

The comfort of his passengers does not cause the driver any worry; it is freight that weighs most heavily on his mind. He must deliver the right package at the right door, or some one will upbraid him when he passes on the morrow. Somehow he manages to do it, and if no one is at home to receive the parcel he leaves it on the doorstep. The odds are that it won't be stolen.

The busman's responsibility does not end with his horses, packages and passengers. Tradition has made him the carrier of news to the countryside—crop prices and weather reports, the votes of the House on motors, the winner of the boat race, the score of the cricket match. If in doubt, ask the busman—he knows.

One driver on the road between Hamilton, the capital, and the ancient town of St. George's, has two ruling passions. He is keen for cricket and he must have his pound of fish. He often manages, without going too far off his route, to bring his bus to a stop beside a cricket field, and there he stays until his watch bids him move on. Likewise he keeps a weather eye open for fish boats coming to land; or, better luck, he may find a fisherman along the shore who needs a hand to help him haul his pots. In any case, if the gods are kind, he will be able to stow away a wriggling fish beneath his packages.

Although the railway may drive the busman off the road it is not likely to affect the fortunes of the man who pilots the stranger's victoria. Like the busman he has a cheerful disposition under his dark skin and a fluent tongue. His tongue is his chief asset because it lifts him out of the hackman's class into that of the courier. Day after day, and year after year, he interprets Bermuda to its visitors, giving lessons in sub-tropical botany, telling the history of this house and that, retailing local political gossip, answering the innumerable questions of curious travelers—all with a British accent. He is proud of his native land, is loyal to the King, and talks of England, which he may have seen when he served in the war, as "home."

Few Bermudians can afford to maintain private carriages owing to the cost of horses and the high price of feed, all of which must be imported. This is one reason for the popularity of the bicycle, which is used by all classes from the Bishop down to the lowliest workman. Scores of business men push their wheels to the office and home again, and even the honorable members from outlying parishes are not ashamed to park their bikes outside the House of Assembly, mopping their brows as they go into a debate.

Pushing a wheel in Bermuda may be fun for the tourist, but it is hard work for the man who must do it every day under a hot sun. Hence many Bermuda cyclists will welcome the advent of motor buses on rails. When that day comes will they scrap their wheels? Not a bit of it. The bicycle has proved its worth and is in Bermuda to stay.

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6	mos.	$ 33.50	$567.50	$ 1,000
1	yr.	63.00	548.00	2,200
1½	yrs.	65.00	538.00	2,800
2	yrs.	91.00	509.00	3,400
2½	yrs.	110.50	489.50	4,100
3	yrs.	133.25	466.75	4,900
3½	yrs.	156.00	444.00	5,500
4	yrs.	178.75	421.25	6,200
4½	yrs.	201.50	398.50	7,000
5	yrs.	227.50	372.50	7,800
5½	yrs.	253.50	346.50	8,600
6	yrs.	279.50	320.50	9,400
6½	yrs.	305.50	294.50	10,200
7	yrs.	324.75	275.25	11,200
7½	yrs.	364.00	236.00	12,100
8	yrs.	390.25	209.75	13,000
8½	yrs.	422.50	177.50	14,000
9	yrs.	455.00	145.00	15,000
9½	yrs.	487.50	112.50	16,000
10	yrs.	520.00	80.00	17,100
10½	yrs.	555.75	44.25	18,200
11	yrs.	591.50	008.50	19,400
11½	yrs.	630.50	569.50	20,600
12	yrs.	669.50	530.50	21,800
12½	yrs.	708.50	491.50	23,100
13	yrs.	750.75	449.25	24,400
13½	yrs.	793.00	407.00	25,700
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We know that there was much wrangling and jealousy in the early Church Councils. Sometimes the work of a lifetime was ordered destroyed by the edict of an angry Emperor or Bishop.

For example, there is the pathetic case of Arius. He was a devout man who had labored all his life to write down what he knew and believed about Christ. At one of the Councils the Bishop disagreed with Arius and in a fury ordered all his writings burned. Oh, the pity of it!

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Pontius Pilate Revealed in His Own Words

Or else you may find that the most striking feature of this collection is the new light thrown on well-known characters. Barnabas is revealed as a letter-writer with power and intellect similar to St. Paul's. Nicodemus is revealed as a mystic with a brilliant imagination. Abgarus, King of Edessa, is shown as a historic friend of Jesus. The plot and arrest of St. Paul at Iconium is here told with breathless intensity. The correspondence of Herod and Pilate betrays the vagaries of Pilate's beleaguered mind. In these astonishing letters the Arch Coward of History is revealed in his own words. And here is the detailed story of the beautiful virgin Thecla, who was spellbound by the oratory of St. Paul and became one of the most extraordinary martyrs of the Christian legend.

The Sudden Appearance of the Lost Gospel of Peter

Or again you may be especially interested in the appearance of *The Lost Gospel According to Peter*. Scholars have known that such a gospel existed once—since there are references to it in Eusebius and Origen and other ancient historians who catalogued the books of the Bible. But its whereabouts and subject matter remained a complete mystery until a vital fragment was discovered by a French archaeological mission searching in the ruins of an Egyptian tomb. This Petrine account is here published for the first time for the general public. *The Lost Gospel According to Peter* is restored to the Christian Community after being hidden nearly two thousand years under the sands of Egypt!

Is Christianity Based on Mysticism or Science?

Hitherto the Bible has been taken for granted. Now the publication of "THE LOST BOOKS OF THE BIBLE" makes it possible for every one to sit in the jury and form a most interesting personal opinion about its origin by inspecting the writings which were omitted. This is a privilege which in the past has been enjoyed exclusively by church potentates. You are invited to explore this collection without prejudice. Every reader is urged to be open-minded in forming his own opinion and finding his own enjoyment of these rare and beautiful writings.

Dr. Frank Crane, the lovable, kindly philosopher, has written an introduction for this volume that is a masterpiece of inspiration.

The story of the preservation and discovery of these writings is part of the superb romance of this collection. The books are arranged in logical order and divided into numbered chapters. At the head of each book is a fascinating account of its history. Also there are cross references so that you can compare it with the Authorized Bible.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, President Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America: "... this valuable volume *The Lost Books of the Bible*. It is indeed a very desirable work to have and one which I shall consult with profit and recommend to others."

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Introduction by Dr. Frank Crane

Mary	8	1. Clement	23	1. Hermas—Visions	4
Protevangelion	16	2. Clement	4	2. Hermas—Commands	12
1. Infancy	22	Barnabas	15	3. Hermas—Similitudes	10
2. Infancy	4	Ephesians	4	The Letters of Herod and Pilate	7
Christ and Abgarus	2	Magnesians	4	Lost Gospel According to Peter	1
Nicodemus	22	Trallians	4		
The Original Apostles' Creed	1	Romans	3		
Laodiceans	1	Philadelphians	3		
Paul and Seneca	14	Smyrnaeans	3		
Paul and Thecla	12	Polycarp	3		
		Philippians	4		

Table I—List of all New Testament Scriptures known to have existed but not now extant.

Table II—List of Christian writers of first four centuries who made catalogues of the books of the New Testament.

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